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*Inventions in Guinness Time... 6*

## THE FLYING MACHINE

Oh where have you been to, Edwina, Edwina,  
And what is the cause of that mesmerised stare?  
I've been to the village, Papa, and I've seen a  
Queer sort of a kite thing go by in the air.  
Such a buzzing and popping it made without stopping  
I dropped all my shopping, I got such a scare.

And what of my Guinness, my foolish Edwina?  
Don't tell me, I beg, that you dropped it all too --  
The source of the vigour that makes old age greener,  
My Guinness, my goodness, my strength-giving brew?  
Do you wonder I've rather gone into a lather?  
Be calm dearest Father, I brought it all through.

O excellent daughter, my dearest Edwina!  
(Come, pour me a Guinness, I'm feeling quite queer)  
The contraption you saw was a flying machine, a  
Caprice of inventors that won't last a year,  
For Britons don't much like to waste time on suchlike.  
In fact it's not much like a Guinness, my dear.

*Guinness is good for you*

*"Flying in the face of Providence, I call it."*



# *Packed with Pleasure*



*The greater pleasure in Player's  
comes above all from the consistently high quality  
of their tobacco - so perfectly packed*

# *Player's please*



# The double role of British films



MICHAEL CRAIG, starring in 'The House of Secrets', which is soon to be released. He plays the dual rôle of gold-smuggler and merchant navy officer in this thrilling adventure story of European counterfeit activities.

**B** RITISH FILMS LEAD DOUBLE LIVES. The car you sell in Bradford cannot earn Swiss francs in Basle; but the same film can earn money in both places, and many others as well. The only extra cost involved in exporting films is the cost of additional prints. A prosperous film industry, unlike any other, permits the country that possesses it to have its cake and eat it too.

Of course a good British film shown overseas does much more than earn this country money. Unobtrusively, entertainingly, it shows other peoples how we think and behave. Foreign

audiences may resist propaganda. They cannot resist our films. A prosperous film industry helps our friends abroad to understand us better; perhaps to like us better.

But to be prosperous you have to make a profit on the films you make. Which leads us to an unpleasant economic fact. *A British film seldom recovers its cost of production from exhibition in the United Kingdom alone.*

One of the main reasons for this is the crushing weight of Entertainment Tax. Last year the British film industry paid out £33 million in this tax, *in addition to normal taxes.* This is a burden too severe for any industry to carry. If the British film industry is to go on with its work of providing entertainment for the cinema-going public, of earning valuable foreign currency by overseas exhibition, of helping export industries

by providing a shop window for British goods, it must be allowed to keep more of the money it earns. Then it can put more money into its productions, and so compete on more equal terms in the world market.

We hope that before long the work of our great industry will be given recognition by the Government and the decision taken to reduce Entertainment Tax to a realistic figure.



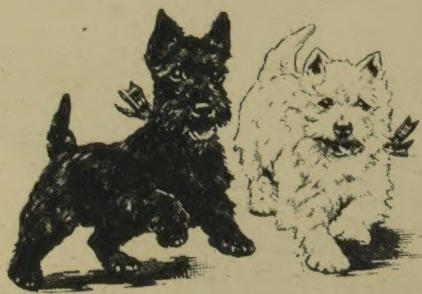
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'8,000 feet long. 200 feet wide. That's the main runway. Which makes Singapore a first-class international airport'.

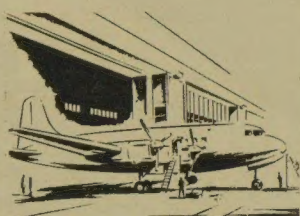
*'You're well up on your facts and figures'.*

'Here's another fact for you. All the sub-station switchgear and the power cables were supplied by J. & P. and installed by their local agents'.

*'Ah, Johnson & Phillips. I thought they'd come into the picture'.*

'Can't keep them out of it. J. & P. have a hand in big electrical schemes all over the world'.

#### J. & P. POWER POINTS



#### MORE PLANE FACTS

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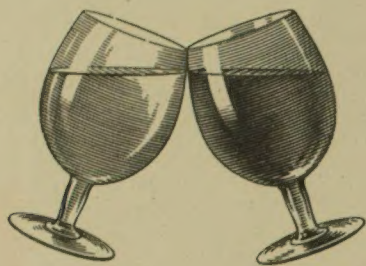
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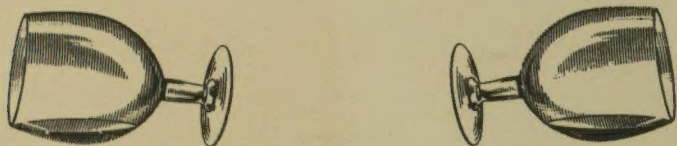
*We both choose CINZANO . . . because*



*I can't resist the fascinating flavour of*



**CINZANO BIANCO** (*from Italy*) — and *he* didn't



*know how good dry vermouth can be till he tried*

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Do you like a drink that's sweet, but not *too* sweet? Then try CINZANO BIANCO, the unique White Vermouth from Italy—you'll find its piquant sweetness irresistible. If you prefer a Dry Vermouth, you will be delighted by the distinction of CINZANO DRY (from France). Both CINZANO BIANCO and CINZANO DRY are delicious served 'straight', and each adds refreshing individuality to a cocktail. More and more people are discovering that they like them both! Enjoy a new pleasure—try CINZANO today.



**CINZANO  
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17/6 large-size bottle;  
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**CINZANO  
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**CINZANO RED ITALIAN VERMOUTH**  
(Sweet)

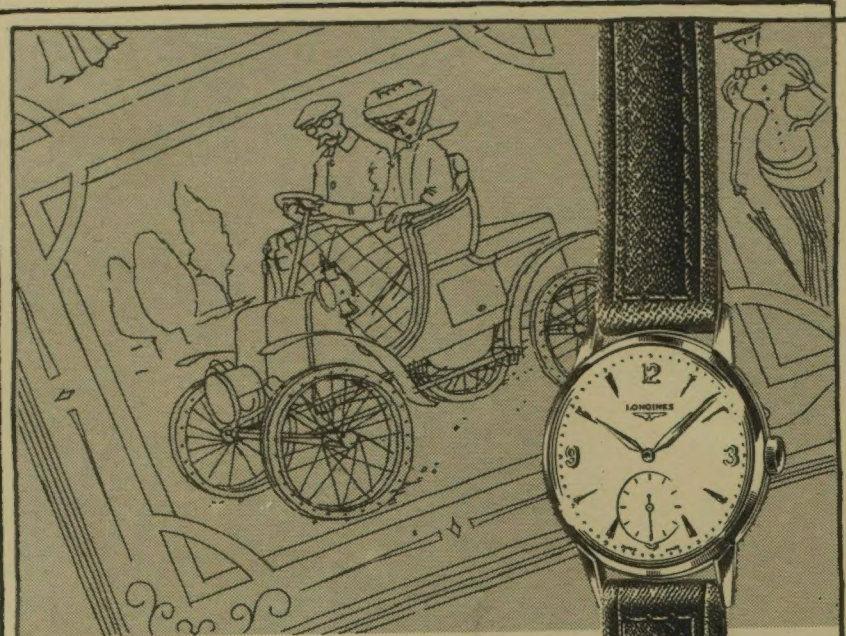
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The wine called Vermouth owes its special character to the addition of extracts and infusions obtained from many fragrant herbs. Its quality, however, depends on the skill with which these ingredients are prepared and blended. The House of Cinzano has devoted 140 years to the perfecting of its Vermouths. While CINZANO BIANCO and CINZANO RED are produced in Italy, CINZANO DRY is made from French grapes, for these yield the best Dry Vermouth. Cinzano is the only producer exporting Sweet Vermouth from Italy and Dry Vermouth from France. So to enjoy Vermouth at its finest, just say CINZANO—BIANCO, or DRY, or RED.

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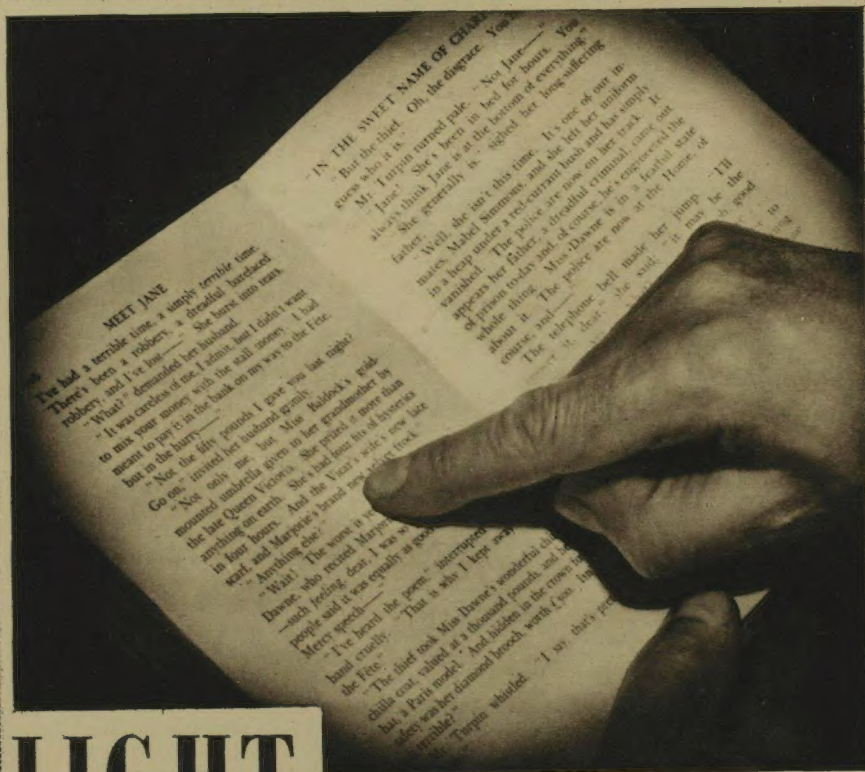
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This winter Stirling Moss will be driving his private car on BP Super Plus 100-octane petrol—winter grade. "It's got so many advantages," he says.

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**BP**  
**Super Plus**

**L**ET ME TELL YOU what's been done to BP Super Plus 100-octane petrol—and exactly how it will be such a terrific help in your winter motoring.

First, the volatility has been increased. This means the petrol will vaporise more quickly and more easily. Result — easier starting, less 'revving' to warm up, less choke. That all means less wear on your engine and a not inconsiderable reduction in fuel consumption. Secondly, an anti-icing additive has been incorporated. This completely stops the carburettor from freezing and prevents that infuriating business of iced-up 'throttle plates' and 'choke tubes'. And that, of course, puts paid to stalling in traffic and loss of power on the open road.

**My car and your car  
and BP Super Plus**

Lots of people imagine that I'm always driving racing cars. But in fact I do a great deal of normal motoring as well. And, apart from all the special winter advantages I've listed, I can certainly tell you that BP Super Plus makes a great deal of difference to performance. It gives me a higher and more easily held cruising speed. A big boost on acceleration. And a marked increase in my average mileage per gallon.

**What's more, BP Super Plus is 100-octane petrol that cannot harm the valves or any other part of your car's engine. And that's very important.**

All of which adds up to some more jolly good reasons why I advise you to try BP Super Plus.

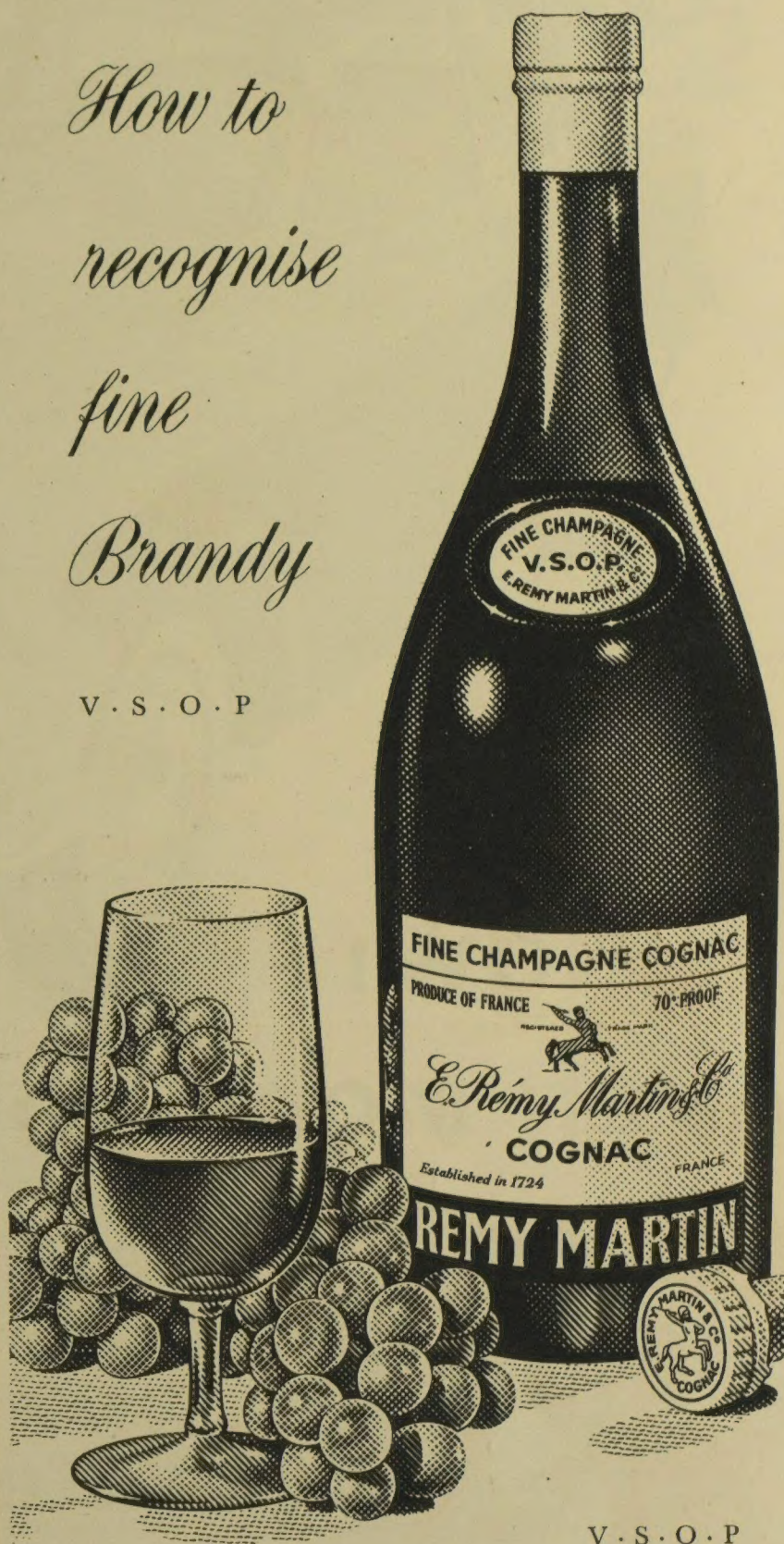
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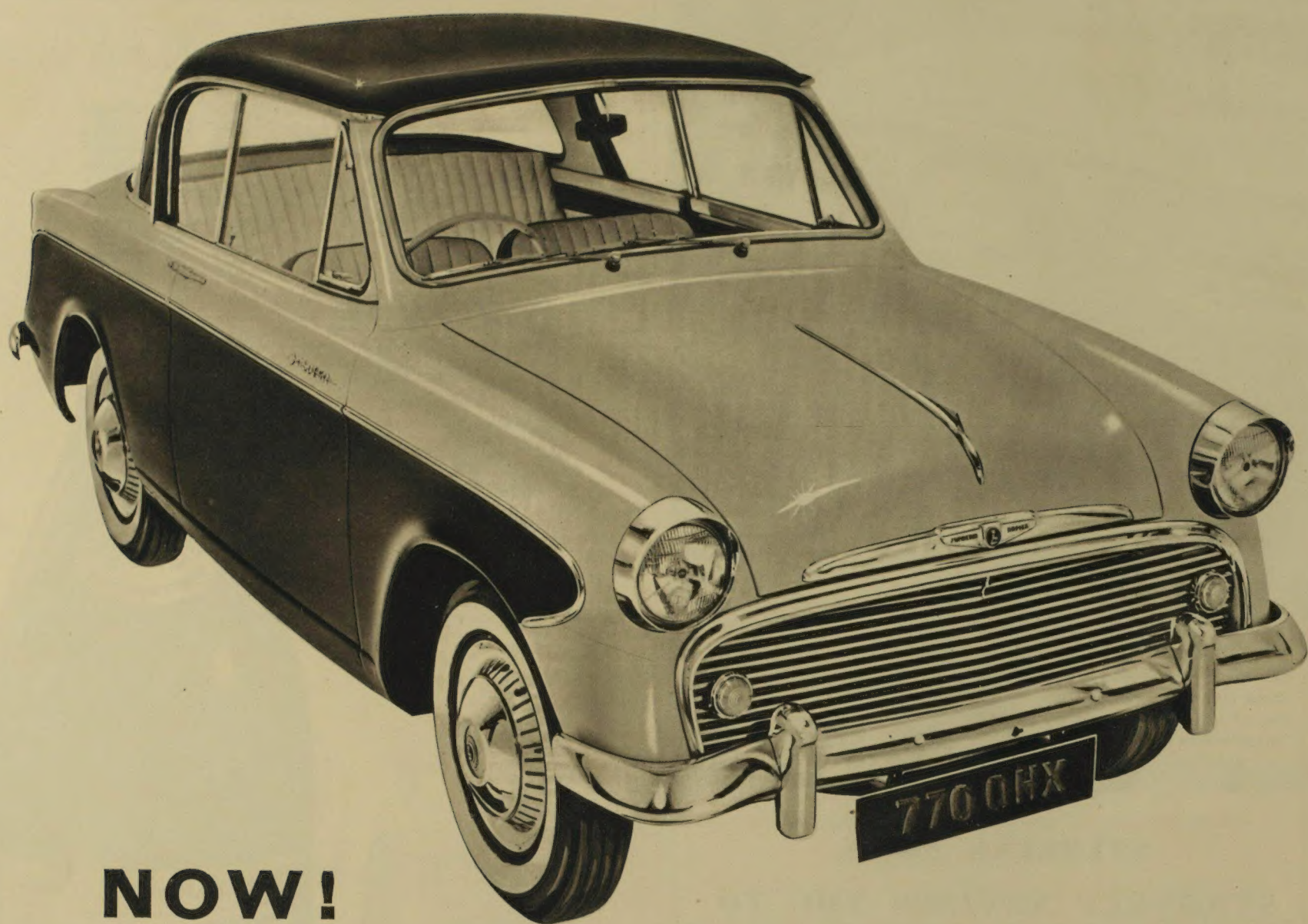
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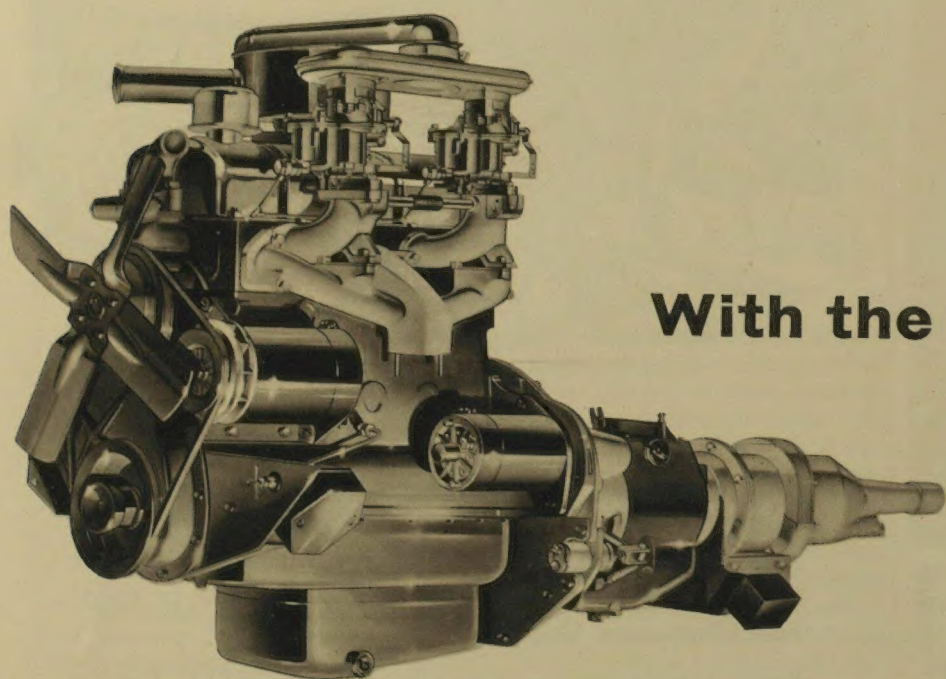
Remy Martin produce Fine Champagne V.S.O.P. Cognac and *nothing less good*. They only offer for sale Brandy which has reached perfection. That is why when you insist on Remy Martin you can be sure of getting a *really fine Cognac*.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1956.



ISRAEL VERSUS EGYPT: THE ISRAELI ENSIGN FLUTTERS IN THE BREEZE AS THE EGYPTIAN FRIGATE *IBRAHIM AWAL*—CAPTURED WHILE SHELLING HAIFA BAY—IS TOWED INTO THE HARBOUR.

The rapid success of Israel's attack on the Sinai Peninsula was foreshadowed by a brief and dramatic action outside Haifa Bay in the early hours of the morning of October 31. The Egyptian frigate *Ibrahim Awal*—formerly the British destroyer H.M.S. *Cottesmore*—began shelling Haifa Bay, without causing damage. She was immediately attacked by Israel warships and aircraft. The frigate was hit and was listing when she surrendered exactly

half an hour after the first shot had been fired from Israeli shore batteries. She was boarded and towed into Haifa harbour, where her complement of 250 officers and men were landed. The officers were dressed in civilian clothes and most of the crew were seen "crowded at the rails smoking and staring glumly at Mount Carmel." The *Ibrahim Awal* was undergoing a major refit at Malta when Colonel Nasser nationalised the Suez Canal in July.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY from time to time rubs up the fur of democratic politicians and publicists who, like the courtiers of a more autocratic age, have a dislike for unpalatable truths. This is inevitable, for modern electors, like old-time kings, are only human beings, and like to believe that what they want to happen is going to happen and not things that they dread.

To think that two and two make four  
And neither five nor three,  
The heart of man has long been sore  
And long is like to be.

And the Field Marshal is a great believer in telling everyone, in very simple and clear terms, that two and two make four and nothing else. His doing so in war, when even the most foolish and improvident of us were forced to face up to reality, enabled him—and us—to win battles. In peacetime it tends to make him unpopular. The story of Canute is of universal and eternal application.

Fortunately, Lord Montgomery is in a position to speak the truth and disregard the consequences to himself. Being a man of highly original, if direct mind, he is for ever outraging the orthodox. His latest public utterance—on the probable course of a future atomic war—has been no exception and has caused a howl of protest from those who, because they dread war (and who doesn't?), believe that any public discussion of how, if forced on us, it will have to be waged is a kind of blasphemy. An angry, though fortunately rather futile, demand has therefore arisen for his dismissal from public trust or, at any rate, for his muzzling. This seems highly unreasonable, for it is, after all, the Field Marshal's duty to think about the nature and conduct of war, to reach right conclusions about it and to make those conclusions known to others. If he failed to do this, he would be of little use to the community of western nations he serves.

In his recent address to the Royal United Service Institution on "The Panorama of Warfare in a Nuclear Age" his theme was that the next war, if it comes, will be of an entirely different nature to the last or any previous war. It will be largely won in its very early stages by the side that has prepared for it: that has thought imaginatively and constructively, that is, about the steps necessary to avoid losing it. "The advent of the nuclear weapon," the Field Marshal writes—and he is convinced that, once a major war begins, nuclear weapons will be used by both sides—"demands a new conception of war—a full conception. . . . In future war the decision will come to the side which can take the appropriate initial action very quickly and which best uses its weapons from the outset; the decision will come too quickly to learn lessons and make changes. It is time we took a new look at the jobs to be done and the forces and weapons with which to do them. We must get busy *now*—before it is too late. . . . My own opinion is that by 1966 over 50 per cent. of the strategic tasks will be performed by missiles. As regards tactical air forces for the support of land armies I consider that by 1966 about 75 per cent. of the present type will have been replaced by nuclear weapons in the hands of the land forces." Indeed, the Field Marshal believes that, though "manned aircraft will not go out of business for a very long time," and that they will still be used for reconnaissance, for finding the exact location of interior targets in enemy territory and for transport, we shall have reached "in the not too distant future, the stage where almost any amount of destructive force will be able to be despatched from any point to objectives at any range from zero miles to more than 5000 miles distant—despatched, that is, without the aid of manned aircraft at all." This will mean—for both sides, provided the side attacked can retaliate immediately and with overwhelming destructive force—a brief but ghastly phase during which nuclear missiles are interchanged, resulting in enormous casualties, mainly civilian, universal chaos and dislocation. This the Field Marshal calls the destructive phase. In it victory would go to the side whose intelligence and early warning system was most highly developed and efficient, and whose nuclear missile force was most unified and ably directed. And here Lord Montgomery is highly critical of present Western organisation for atomic war. "These then are the first two things I would tell our political masters to-day:

1. We need better intelligence—far better.
2. The West needs centralised control of its air and missile forces."

Writing from the viewpoint of an historian looking back on an imaginary war fought in 1966 in which the West, because better prepared for it, was victorious, he continued: "Because the West had released their air and

missile forces from the bondage of decentralisation, under central control the air forces of the Western nations had been welded into one mighty weapon; this weapon crippled the East's ability to deliver nuclear weapons very soon after she began to despatch them. Until the Western nations brought their air forces under central control they did not realise what immense economies, saving of effort and standardisation was possible. For far less expenditure of wealth and effort a far more efficient and powerful weapon was created; this weapon could be applied instantly to any target system in the world." \* For Lord Montgomery feels—as befits the servant of N.A.T.O. and the arch-exponent of inter-Service co-operation—that the Western nations must create a single centralised American-European or Atlantic striking and defence force to meet and reply to the challenge of atomic attack. He visualises, not only a single international force but a gradual blending of the three Services of air, sea and land into one. For the lightning scientific war of a nuclear age a completely separate Air Force, Navy and Army are an anachronism.

So much for the initial or destructive phase of nuclear war, if it comes. There will follow, in Lord Montgomery's view, before victory is won and lasting peace can be established, two other phases—the Exploitation Phase and the Reconstruction Phase. After the mutual destruction—or for the victors near destruction—of the combatants' nuclear striking systems, the defeated aggressor's disorganised ground forces would have to be driven back to the frontiers and contained there, and any remaining vestiges of his nuclear striking power destroyed. For this, as well as for holding the enemy's superior land masses during the initial destruction phase of the war, there would be needed small, highly-trained and, so far as possible, completely self-contained military forces with their own organic atomic firepower, consisting of short-range missiles, guns and howitzers with atomic warheads whose function it would be to hold and annihilate any attacking land force. Such land forces would have to do no more than hold and survive nor, because of the nuclear weapons used against them by the enemy, could they hope to do more than this.

"Powerful, compact fighting divisions of all arms are what we need for unlimited nuclear war, capable of sustained fighting without reinforcement." And here Lord Montgomery stresses the importance of sea-power in an atomic war, and of the Western nations creating "large numbers of surface and under-water vessels which could launch nuclear missiles," in other words "the means of delivering great fire-power from mobile bases." For such naval striking bases, moving in the immensities and mists of ocean, will be far less vulnerable to atomic destruction than the fixed launching sites of the aggressor land-power. This I believe to be a point of enormous importance.

Lord Montgomery in his brilliant lecture dealt with the third phase of nuclear war—what he calls the Reconstruction Phase. During this, civilian

morale will have to be sustained and social and economic life reorganised from the chaos into which it has been plunged. And here he issues a warning against the excessive complexity and over-elaboration of our present means of organisation for communication and the distribution of material. "Hundreds of committees in peacetime and even more in war receive millions of reports and issue thousands of instructions every day; no communication system will ever carry the load. Anybody who thinks the present system will work after thousands of nuclear weapons have been exchanged is mad. . . . The most intensive study is needed to get us out of the logistic morass in which we are floundering."

It is impossible in a brief article to do justice to the profundity and germinating quality of the Field Marshal's thinking. The most essential thing of all, he says, is to prevent an atomic war, and this—faced as we are by a crusading and expansionist, ideological, autocratic, empire of immense power and energy—is by being able to win it if it comes. The only deterrent to-day to a war of conquest by a would-be conqueror is "the power of instant retaliation by an offensive nuclear capability . . . which could physically destroy an aggressor in any set of circumstances. . . . Unlimited nuclear war could always happen by miscalculation or irrationalism. But we can say one thing with certainty—it will never be started by the West. . . . There is only one way to handle an aggressor who tries to test our firmness in these matters, and that is to oppose limited aggression instantly by strength. I would emphasise the word *instantly*."

\* "The Panorama of Warfare in a Nuclear Age." Lecture by Field Marshal Montgomery, Royal United Service Institution. October 10, 1956.



A SERIOUS SPLIT IN WESTERN POLICY: SIR PIERSON DIXON, LEFT, RAISING HIS HAND TO VETO THE AMERICAN RESOLUTION IN THE SECURITY COUNCIL. MR. LODGE (U.S.) IS ON THE RIGHT.

There was a complete split in Western policy when, at the meeting of the Security Council in New York, on October 30, Britain and France vetoed a United States resolution calling on all nations to refrain from the use of force or the threat of force in Egypt, and calling on Israel to withdraw her armed forces behind the established armistice lines. Belgium and Australia abstained and the other Council members all voted in favour. The Security Council was meeting shortly after the Israeli entry into the Sinai Peninsula, and following the Anglo-French ultimatum. The next day, in spite of another contrary English and French vote, the Middle East crisis was placed by a large majority on the agenda for the first emergency meeting of the United Nations General Assembly.





A VAIN BID FOR FREEDOM: ONE OF THE MANY PROCESSIONS OF DEMONSTRATORS CROSSING A BRIDGE ACROSS THE DANUBE WHICH CONNECTS BUDA AND PEST.



COVERED WITH WRECKAGE AND SHATTERED TANKS: ONE OF THE MAIN STREETS OF BUDAPEST DURING A BRIEF LULL IN THE BITTER STREET FIGHTING.

A LULL IN BUDAPEST'S BITTER FIGHT FOR FREEDOM: A DEMONSTRATION AND A TYPICAL STREET SCENE.

There have only been spasmodic reports about the bitter fighting between Hungarian rebels and Soviet troops in the streets of Budapest. Though fighting has several times been on the point of stopping, the constant change in the political situation—culminating in the heart-rending reports of Russia's final attack on Budapest on November 4—has never allowed more than a temporary lull. It will long remain a mystery how the Hungarian rebels stood out so long and apparently successfully against Soviet troops and armour. It is largely the treachery of the Russian change of face, after her promise

to withdraw all troops, that has resulted in what appears (at the time of writing) to be the complete crushing of the uprising. The Hungarians, trusting in the Soviet promises, had allowed the deployment of Soviet troops to take place without resistance. Then, on November 3, the Russians sealed the Hungarian frontiers and encircled Budapest, which was attacked in the early hours of November 4. An ultimatum to stop all resistance by noon was not obeyed, and Mr. Nagy's Government was replaced by one led by Mr. Kadar. Mr. Nagy and his other Ministers are believed to be under arrest.





IN A STREET SHOWING MANY SIGNS OF FIGHTING: THE TANGLED WRECKAGE OF VEHICLES, WATCHED BY A GROUP OF HUNGARIAN ONLOOKERS.



A WRECKED TANK IN A SCARRED BUDAPEST STREET: MANY HUNGARIANS HAD BEEN TRAINED BY THE RUSSIANS IN "GUERRILLA" WARFARE.



GRIM EVIDENCE OF THE BITTERNESS OF THE FIGHTING IN BUDAPEST: A DEAD RUSSIAN SOLDIER LYING IN FRONT OF HIS BADLY DAMAGED LORRY.



EVIDENCE OF THE DIVERSITY OF HUNGARIAN WEAPONS: A "MOLOTOV COCKTAIL" ON ONE OF THE MANY WRECKED RUSSIAN TANKS.

#### WRECKAGE AND DEVASTATION: THE AFTERMATH OF HEAVY STREET FIGHTING IN BUDAPEST.

Though it is now to be feared that the courageous and bitter fighting of the Hungarian rebels has been in vain, these photographs of the devastation and wreckage in the streets of Budapest bear strong witness to the whole-hearted efforts made by Hungary's brave citizens in their fight for freedom from the domination of Russia. Fighting broke out in Budapest on October 24 and Soviet troops and tanks were immediately brought into the city to quell the rebels. After a week of bitter fighting Mr. Nagy, the then Prime Minister,

announced on October 30—for the second time—that all Russian troops were to be withdrawn from Hungary. It appeared that this time his promise was being upheld and on October 31 reports reached Vienna of the withdrawal of all Soviet troops from Budapest. But on the following day Mr. Nagy appealed to the United Nations against the invasion of Hungary by Soviet troops. Some hours before this, Hungary had announced that she had left the Warsaw Pact and declared her neutrality.





THE SYMBOL OF THE BID FOR FREEDOM: THE HUNGARIAN FLAG WITH THE HAMMER AND SICKLE CUT AWAY FLIES OUTSIDE THE REBEL HEADQUARTERS.



WHERE A GROUP OF YOUNG REBELS HELD OUT AGAINST RUSSIAN TROOPS FOR FOUR DAYS: THE KILIAN BARRACKS, IN BUDAPEST'S 8TH DISTRICT.

SYMBOLS AND ACTIONS OF A BRAVE STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM: THE REBELS' FLAG, AND OTHER BUDAPEST SCENES.

It can not be expected that the brave efforts of the Hungarian rebels will be successful against the renewed attack by strong Soviet forces, which began on November 4. However, the "Hungarian October Revolution" is long to be remembered for the supreme bravery displayed by the citizens of Budapest and other cities, in their unequal struggle for freedom from Russian domination. Shortly before communications were cut off, Mr. Nagy broadcast from Budapest on November 4 appealing to the world for help. The last words



REBELS AT THE READY AND ANXIOUS SPECTATORS IN A DOORWAY: A SHOT TAKEN DURING THE FIGHTING IN BUDAPEST'S SOUTH STATION.



FIXING THE HUNGARIAN FLAG TO THE REMAINS OF THE HUGE STALIN STATUE. ONLY THE BOOTS WERE LEFT WHEN THE STATUE WAS DESTROYED.

heard from Radio Budapest just before it was silenced at 8.10 a.m. were "Help Hungary... Help... Help..." With this desperate appeal in mind delegates began yet another emergency session of the United Nations General Assembly. Many speakers strongly attacked the Russian policy in Hungary during the debate on a resolution demanding the withdrawal of Russian troops and the entry of U.N. observers. Meanwhile, further reports from Budapest spoke of continued fighting in the city, which was said to have been bombed.



## THE DEFEATED LEADERS OF INSURGENT HUNGARY; AND DEATH AND REVENGE IN BUDAPEST STREETS.



(Left.)  
ON NOV. 3, WHEN IT  
SEEMED AS IF THE  
HUNGARIAN INSUR-  
GENTS HAD A CHANCE:  
(L. TO R.) MR. ZOLTAN  
TILDY, MINISTER OF  
STATE, MR. NAGY AND  
GEN. PAL MALETER,  
THE "HERO OF  
BUDAPEST."



(Right.)  
CARDINAL MIND-  
SZENTY, WHO WAS  
FREED BY THE  
HUNGARIAN REVOLU-  
TIONARIES AFTER AN  
EIGHT-YEAR IMPRISONMENT BY THE  
COMMUNISTS, SEEN  
AFTER HIS RETURN  
HOME TO BUDAPEST.



HANGED ON A TREE IN A BUDAPEST STREET: A MEMBER OF THE  
HATED HUNGARIAN STATE SECRET POLICE, SURROUNDED  
BY A TENSE CROWD OF HUNGARIANS.



THE BODIES OF SEVEN MEN OF THE HUNGARIAN STATE SECRET POLICE, WHO HAD BEEN  
LYNCHED BY AN INFURIATED CROWD, BEFORE MILITARY PROTECTION COULD REACH THEM.



TEMPORARY, BUT LOVED AND TENDED, GRAVES HURRIEDLY MADE IN THE STREETS OF BUDAPEST FOR  
VICTIMS OF THE FIGHTING, MARKED WITH CROSSES AND ADORNED WITH FLOWERS.



A CELL IN THE SECRET POLICE HEADQUARTERS AT  
GYOER, WHICH WAS STORMED DURING THE UPRISING.

Although in the early stages of the Hungarian revolution it briefly appeared that Hungary was following Poland's example and that Mr. Nagy would be the leader of a "Titoist" Communist Government, events moved fast and confusedly and Mr. Nagy's Government was broadened to include such anti-Communists as Mr. Bela Kovacs and Mr. Zoltan Tildy and free and democratic elections were promised, together with the complete withdrawal of Russian troops. Mr. Nagy's Defence Minister, General Pal Maleter, who had won popular acclaim as the "Hero of Budapest," and the Chief of Staff, General

Kovac, went to negotiate with the Russian Commander-in-Chief, Major-General Malinin, on November 3. By the evening of November 4 they had not returned and the Russian troops had revealed their full intentions—that of crushing completely Mr. Nagy's Government and the Hungarian revolutionaries, and setting up instead a fully Communist Government under Mr. Janos Kadar, who had defected from Mr. Nagy—who had appointed him First Secretary of the Communist Party. The fate of Cardinal Mindszenty, who was freed from captivity by the insurgents, was not known at the time of writing.



# WHERE FREEDOM STRUGGLED AND FELL: THE STREETS OF BUDAPEST.



IN THE BRIEF LULL WHICH FOLLOWED THE INSURGENTS' APPARENT VICTORY: A GROUP OF THE DEAD LIE AT THE FOOT OF AN EQUESTRIAN STATUE IN A BUDAPEST STREET.



THE PICTURE OF REVOLUTION IN HUNGARY TO-DAY: THE DEAD LIE IN THE STREETS BESIDE BURNT-OUT CARS, AND THE PASSERS-BY WALK PAST.



THE BITTER LEGACY OF A COURAGEOUS AND DESPERATE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM: ONE OF BUDAPEST'S SHATTERED CENTRAL STREETS LITTERED WITH WRECKAGE.



BEFORE THE SAVAGE RUSSIAN REACTION: DEMONSTRATORS, CARRYING BANNERS AND DEMANDING THE WITHDRAWAL OF THE RUSSIANS.



CADETS OF THE HUNGARIAN MILITARY ACADEMY, IN FULL KIT, RIDING IN LORRIES THROUGH BUDAPEST. THEY LATER JOINED THE INSURGENTS.

As reported elsewhere in this issue, on November 4 Russia abandoned any pretence that she was going to withdraw her troops from Hungary and to allow the Hungarians themselves to decide their own future; and her tanks moved in force to attack Budapest and nearby Dunafoldvar. The first news of the Russian onslaught on Budapest came by radio in the early morning of November 4, when Mr. Nagy himself broadcast that its obvious aim was the overthrow of "the democratic Government of the Hungarian People's

Republic." This speech was later relayed in German, French, English and Russian and a number of desperate appeals to the United Nations and to the world were heard over the air. By noon on November 4, however, the Russians were believed to control all the bridges and to have taken over the keypoints in the city; and it was stated that their tanks had taken up positions round the Parliament buildings. A number of British subjects, including news correspondents took refuge in the British Legation in Budapest.



## HUNGARY'S TRAGEDY: REFUGEE SCENES AT THE AUSTRIAN BORDER.



FUGITIVES FROM THE DISASTER WHICH HAS OVERWHELMED HUNGARY: TWO HUNGARIAN WOMEN AND A YOUNG CHILD AT KLINGENBACH.



ON THE DAY THAT THE RUSSIANS CRUSHED MR. NAGY'S GOVERNMENT: REFUGEES, ON FOOT, WITH PERAMBULATORS AND IN A HORSE-DRAWN CART, REACH AUSTRIA.



TYPICAL OF THE HEART-RENDING SCENES AT KLINGENBACH—THE PRINCIPAL REFUGEE POINT IN AUSTRIA: MOTHERS AND CHILDREN.



A DISARMED HUNGARIAN SOLDIER (RIGHT), HIS WEEPING WIFE AND THREE SMALL CHILDREN WALK INTO THE AUSTRIAN BORDER TOWN OF NICKELSDORF.



WEEPING WOMEN AND A FUZZLED CHILD: REFUGEES AT KLINGENBACH. IN SOME CASES HUNGARIANS SAW THEIR FAMILIES OVER THE FRONTIER AND RETURNED TO CONTINUE THE FIGHT.



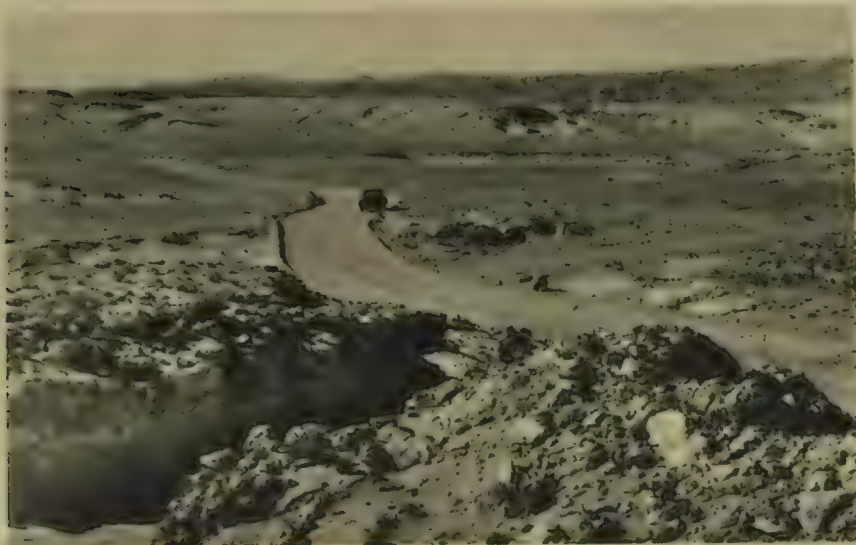
WITH HOME AND COUNTRY LOST, PARTED FROM HER FAMILY, AND ONLY HER DOG STILL WITH HER: AN ELDERLY HUNGARIAN WOMAN WALKS IN TEARS TO THE AUSTRIAN RELIEF CENTRE.

Twenty-four hours after the other crossing points on the frontier between Austria and Hungary, the road connecting Sopron, in Hungary, and Klingebach, in Austria, was closed on November 4; and along it streamed thousands of refugees from Hungary. According to Austrian frontier officials, about 10,000 refugees reached Klingebach on November 4—the day that Moscow radio announced “the forces of reactionary conspiracy against the Hungarian people were crushed”—and were being looked after by the Austrian

authorities. Fleets of buses and thousands of private cars were arriving to take the refugees into camps and private houses. Klingebach was the most crowded point, but the whole of the 150-mile-long frontier between Austria and Hungary was said to be alive with refugees. Among them it was reported were many unaccompanied children, some of whom had labels round their necks reading “Look after our children; we stay to fight to the last.” Many men turned back to fight on.



## THE SCENE OF THE SINAI FIGHTING: TROOPS IN ACTION; AND THE TERRAIN.



THE SINAI LANDSCAPE: A SCENE—TYPICAL, EXCEPT THAT IT CONTAINS A MOTOR ROAD—ON THE WESTERN SIDE OF THE PENINSULA BETWEEN ABU ZENIMA AND SUHR, SOUTH-EAST OF SUEZ AND THE SITE OF AN OILFIELD.

THE swift invasion of Egyptian territory which was launched on the afternoon of October 29 (as reported in our last issue) appeared to be a two-pronged attack. After attacks on Egyptian Fedayeen bases (for the training and grouping of infiltrators) in the El Kuntilla and Ras el Akab areas near the frontier, Israeli forces took up positions west of Nakhl, about half-way across the peninsula. On October 30 Israeli troops captured El Quseima, after moving northwards from Nakhl and began moving to threaten the main road which

*(Continued below, left.)*



IN THE SAME GENERAL AREA OF SINAI AS THE PHOTOGRAPH ON THE LEFT. HERE ROCKY PLAINS ARE GIVING WAY TO A HEAVILY-ERODED PLATEAU.



THE TERRAIN OF THE SINAI FIGHTING: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE SAVAGE LANDSCAPE, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A B.O.A.C. AIRLINER TRAVELLING BETWEEN GAZA AND CAIRO AND LOOKING SOUTH. EARLY MORNING MIST LIES IN THE VALLEYS.



AN ISRAELI FLYING COLUMN MOVES OFF INTO THE DESERT: A HALF-TRACK VEHICLE WITH TROOPS STARTS ON ITS MISSION IN A CLOUD OF DUST.

*(Continued.)* connects the Gaza strip with Ismailia, in the Canal Zone. On November 1 it was stated that their troops had captured the Egyptian town and base of Raafa, at the south-western extremity of the Gaza strip; and were also in the outskirts of El Arish, an Egyptian town on the coast about 30 miles west of Raafa. On the evening of the same day an Israeli Army spokesman at Tel-Aviv claimed that Egyptian opposition in the Sinai peninsula appeared to have



MOTORISED ISRAELI TROOPS IN THE SINAI PENINSULA HALTED FOR ORDERS. IN THE BACKGROUND CAN BE SEEN A LIGHT SPOTTER OR LIAISON AIRCRAFT.

collapsed; that there had been heavy battles, particularly between armoured units south of Bir Gafgefah; and that a considerable number of prisoners had been taken and a substantial quantity of vehicles, guns and tanks had been captured; and that those Egyptians who had escaped were in full retreat. It appeared that the Egyptian-held Gaza strip, strongly garrisoned with Palestinian Arabs with Egyptian officers, was at this point completely cut off.



## "THIS GREAT AND IMMORTAL MAN."

"WELLINGTON: A REASSESSMENT." By SIR CHARLES PETRIE, Bart.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

SIR CHARLES PETRIE is an industrious, fair-minded, and always lively historian amongst whose more notable volumes are lives of the Marshal Duke of Berwick and Lord Liverpool (who saw us through the later years of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic Convulsion and has been much underrated because he did it so quietly) and two volumes on the Jacobite Movement (1688 to 1807) which revealed a zealous pursuit of sources and an admirable respect for factual evidence, "wishful thinking" not colouring his narrative at all. He has now attempted a lesser (but, in a way, a very much greater) job in this short volume on the first Duke of Wellington—to me one of the noblest and best figures, not merely in English history, but in all human history. There is no suggestion here of original research: Sir Charles is merely reviewing known facts in the light of contemporary experience; but, as for Wellington, he sets out with a quotation from Lord Roberts (himself an able general and a V.C. whose son, dying in action, also won the V.C. in that ineffective South African War): "A study of Wellington's life and writings leads me to the conclusion that he has been somewhat overrated as a man and greatly underrated as a commander." I am sorry to say it. But it seems to me that Sir Charles tries to make a case out against Wellington (with whom his secret sympathies obviously lie) and does not notably succeed. Reluctantly, in order to advocate his cause of "Reassessment," he has accepted his self-presented brief; but his pleadings have, I think, failed.

Wellington, long before he came to the Peninsula, had arduous campaigns in India, always in the saddle. Sir Charles revives the old charge that he was a rotten bad rider: but as he lived for many years in the saddle from duty, except when he was dining or asleep, and, in old age, for pleasure, hunted whenever he had a chance, he can't have been as bad as all that. As a young man, even when he was serving abroad he held the post of Chief Secretary for Ireland—a far less important post than it has been in our time—horrible things were done in Ireland by the "Ascendancy" at that time, and Sir Charles, making his case, suggests that Wellington must have been aware of them. I doubt it: I take Tennyson's lines:

Whatever record leaps to light  
He never shall be shamed.

He considers, and rightly dismisses, the suggestion that Wellington had an "affair" with Mrs. Arbuthnot: whose husband, long after her death, died in the Duke's house: the Duke had the luck to be capable of close friendships with women. The one reassessment which Sir Charles makes which convinces me is his reassessment of the part which the Spaniards (not the ill-led official army, but the maquis-like guerrillas) took in the liberation of Spain from the ferocious French armies. To us it is the "Peninsular War": to the Spaniards it is the War of Liberation, with Wellington merely the leader of an auxiliary Expeditionary Force.

"Reassessment" Sir Charles's book may be, but the final impression it makes upon the reader is not very much different from that made by the unqualified eulogies uttered by Tennyson in his famous Ode and by Queen Victoria (aged thirty-three) in the letter she wrote to the King of the Belgians the day after "the Duke's" death. Tennyson's majestic Ode, no formal ceremonial thing but deeply felt, is widely known; the Queen's letter not so generally. "For him," she wrote, "it is a blessing he should have been taken

away in the possession of his great and powerful mind and without a lingering illness. But for this country, and for us, his loss—though it could not have been long delayed—is irreparable! He was the pride and the *bon génie*, as it were, of this country! He was the greatest man this country ever produced, and the most devoted and loyal subject, and the staunchest supporter the Crown ever had. He was to us a true, kind friend and most valuable adviser. To think that all this is gone; that this great and immortal man belongs now to History and no longer to the present, is a truth which we cannot realise."

A good deal of space in Sir Charles's book is (as is inevitable since he is covering and "reassessing" the whole career, with the long campaigns, in difficult country, in India and the Peninsula), an oft-told tale, even in detail, and one that has always made me wonder why it should be customary amongst historians (who perhaps repeat each other as history repeats itself) to say that, as a general, he was "second only to

Wellington had a strong streak of the artist in him.

To the end he was always on parade when wanted. When he was only a year short of eighty, in 1848, there was a general fever of riot and revolution all over Europe: mobs were gathering and thrones were toppling.

This country caught the fever, as usual, and, as usual, caught it mildly. But the English

Liberal Government twittered at the prospect of the Chartists presenting a Petition with nearly 6,000,000 signatures (largely faked or duplicated, I dare say) and all they could think of was "call in the Duke." "The Duke," says Sir Charles, "made a decided impression upon the Liberal statesmen assembled at 10, Downing Street, as the nervous Chancellor of the Duchy testifies: 'The Duke of Wellington was requested to come to us, which he did very readily. We had then a regular Council of War, as upon the eve of a great battle. We examined maps and returns and information of the enemy. After long deliberation, plans of attack and defence were formed to meet every contingency. The quickness, intelligence, and decision which the Duke displayed were very striking, and he inspired us all with perfect confidence.'

It was not I alone who was struck with the consultation of yesterday. Macaulay said to me that he considered it the most interesting spectacle he had ever witnessed, and that he should remember it to his dying day.' The Duke was mellow now that he was approaching the age of eighty, and he cannot fail to have chuckled at the spectacle of a panic-stricken Cabinet, mostly composed of his bitterest enemies in the old Reform days, appealing to him to save them from having their throats cut." He made his dispositions and he succeeded. "This," says Sir Charles, "was destined to be Wellington's last military triumph, and he was pardonably elated at its bloodless nature." He loathed carnage and cruelty as all good men must. But he faced facts: both in India and in Spain, when he found men looting, murdering and raping, he used the gallows and the whip. There was no other way of controlling savages.

The historian who writes the book I should like written, will have two main sources of information. One is "The Journal of Mrs. Arbuthnot," edited by F. Bamford and the present Duke of Wellington only six years ago, so not accessible to the most recent "full biographers" of the Duke: the other is Lord Stanhope's "Notes on Conversations with the Duke of Wellington, 1831-1851," published in 1888, and written when Lord Stanhope was already known as the sound historian Lord Mahon. This latter book has been a bedside companion of mine for many years—for its sense and its smiles, its clarity of sight, its refusal of illusions, its sympathetic irony about "the crimes and follies of mankind" and its glimpses of the old Duke playing with children, who loved him—and they aren't usually wrong.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 818 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

Sir Charles Petrie, Bart., is best known for his books on history and historical subjects. He is also an occasional contributor to *The Illustrated London News*. He served in the R.G.A. in the First World War and in the Second was Official Lecturer to H.M. Forces. Among his recent books are "Lord Liverpool and his Times," and "The Marshal Duke of Berwick."



SET FREE AFTER NEARLY EIGHT YEARS' IMPRISONMENT: CARDINAL MINDSZENTY, WITH SOME OF THE HUNGARIAN INSURGENTS WHO LIBERATED HIM ON OCTOBER 30.

On October 30 a group of Hungarian insurgents set free Cardinal Mindszenty. He was freed at the estate where he has been detained for the past few months, having spent a total of nearly eight years as a political prisoner. In Budapest the following day he said "God will bless these weapons which have brought us our freedom in the dire day of need," and "at last there is freedom of speech in Hungary and everyone can express his opinions." Cardinal Mindszenty is now more than ever an important national figure in Hungary, being one of the few completely unimpeachable and stable figures who is also completely acceptable to most non-Communist groups. He said, however, that he did not wish to make any statement about his future at present. He said that he was fit and that conditions in captivity for the past two years had been tolerable.

Marlborough." I wish that Sir Charles, or someone of his calibre, would undertake a really thorough book on "Wellington After Waterloo." When authors of "lives" of him feel constrained to devote much of their space to India, Seringapatam, and Assaye, and to Portugal and the Lines of Torres Vedras (of which a map here would have been a useful refresher to the mind), there is a tendency, on their part as on that of their readers, to treat everything after Waterloo as a postscript. But, when Waterloo was fought, Wellington was little more than half-way from the cradle to the grave. Thereafter he continued his course of service to the end, frugal and abstemious in his habits, strict in self-discipline, enjoying his hunting, his friendships both masculine and feminine, and, most notable, though Sir Charles doesn't, I think, mention it, his musical concerts—his father, Lord Mornington, was a talented composer of four-part songs and

\* "Wellington: A Reassessment." By Sir Charles Petrie, Bart. Frontispiece and Maps. (James Barrie; 25s.)





ON HIS WAY TO LUNCH WITH THE QUEEN: SIR ANTHONY EDEN, WHOSE POLICY IN THE EGYPTIAN CRISIS HAS CAUSED CONTROVERSY AND ADMIRATION.



AFTER THE MOMENTOUS MEETING IN DOWNING STREET ON OCTOBER 30: THE FRENCH PREMIER, M. MOLLET, TAKES HIS LEAVE FROM SIR ANTHONY EDEN.

#### THE ARCHITECTS OF "A POLICE OPERATION" IN EGYPT: SIR ANTHONY EDEN AND M. GUY MOLLET.

Late on October 29 it was announced that Israeli forces had invaded Egypt and were marching across the Sinai Desert towards the Suez Canal. This extreme crisis met with rapid reactions in London. After a Cabinet meeting during the morning of October 30 Sir Anthony Eden and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Foreign Secretary, began talks with their French counterparts, M. Mollet and M. Pineau, who had flown to London from Paris. That afternoon the British and French Governments sent urgent messages to Egypt and Israel, calling on them to withdraw all their forces to a distance 10 miles from the Suez Canal, within twelve hours. Anglo-French forces were to move temporarily into key positions in the area. Sir Anthony's announcement of this step to the House of Commons met with strong protests from the

Opposition, who forced an unsuccessful division. Later in the evening M. Mollet announced the decision to the French Assembly and was enthusiastically received by all except the Communists. During the night Egypt announced her rejection of the "ultimatum," while Israel accepted it on condition that Egypt did so also. Anglo-French military action started within a few hours. On October 31 Sir Anthony Eden defended his Government's actions in the House of Commons, but the Opposition tabled a motion of censure which was defeated by 324 votes to 255 after a debate on the following day marked by uproar and interruptions. The Prime Minister described the Anglo-French temporary military intervention as "essentially a police operation." A Government motion of confidence was carried.





IRAQ'S OIL PIPELINES TO THE MEDITERRANEAN: A MAP SHOWING THEIR GEOGRAPHY AND THAT OF THE ARAB STATES WHO WERE ASKED BY COLONEL NASSER TO STOP THE FLOW OF OIL "EVEN IF IT MEANS BLOWING UP ALL PIPELINES."

Up to the time when the Suez Canal was seized by Colonel Nasser the Iraq Government was considering various schemes to enable the flow of oil from Iraq's oil wells to be increased and also to minimise the disadvantages of having Iraqi oil revenues very largely at the mercy of those countries through which most of the oil passes on its way to the markets of West Europe. The Suez Canal crisis has emphasised the way in which Egypt can affect Iraq's revenues, and it is obvious that revenues from oil which by-passes the Canal, being sent by pipeline to the Mediterranean, are just as much at the mercy of the other Arab countries through which the pipelines pass, these states being Syria (through which passes every single Iraq-Mediterranean pipeline at present in use), Jordan and Lebanon. The present Middle East crisis may affect the supply of Iraq oil. It was reported on November 2 that in a radio broadcast Colonel Nasser asked the workers in "Arab States" to stop the flow of oil "even if it means blowing up all pipelines." The anti-West emotions of the Iraqi population itself may become more violent, thus causing the Iraq Government to alter their policy of exporting ever-increasing quantities of oil to Western Europe.

However, the schemes Iraq has been considering include (1) a new branch to the old pipeline ending at Haifa which has been out of use since Haifa became part of Israel. This branch would pass from a point in Jordan to the tanker terminal at Sidon, in Lebanon. (2) The construction of an additional branch from Homs to the terminal at Banias, thus keeping the foreign part of this pipeline entirely in Syria and by-passing Lebanon, with its terminal at Tripoli. This overcomes the present dispute with Lebanon over oil transit royalties. Both these schemes help to increase the capacity of the pipes to the Mediterranean and lessen dependence on the Suez Canal, with its political hazards and its inadequate capacity to handle expanding tanker fleets. A third scheme, not without political complications, is to build a pipeline from north Iraq to the Mediterranean, passing through Turkey, to a terminal at Alexandretta—thus freeing Iraq from dependence on solely Arab states. This would be 600 miles long and cost about £80,000,000, but would also have a capacity nearly equal to that of all the pipelines passing through Syria. An important fact is that tanker charges from Mediterranean terminals are about half those for the Suez route.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis.



## THE GRAVE OF A PRINCELY CHILD OF THE PHRYGIA OF 2700 YEARS AGO, DISCOVERED AT GORDION WITH A TECHNIQUE NEW TO ARCHÆOLOGY.

By **RODNEY S. YOUNG, Ph.D.**, Field Director of the University of Pennsylvania Museum's expedition at Gordion.

In previous issues of "The Illustrated London News"—January 3, 1953, and September 17, 1955—Dr. Rodney S. Young has described the progress of the American excavations at Yassihoyuk (ancient Gordion), in Central Phrygia, and the findings at Hittite, Phrygian and Persian levels. The last season has been marked by remarkable success, mainly in Phrygian levels. In this article Dr. Young describes what has been found in the burials near the city; and in a forthcoming article will describe the excavations in the city itself.

THE city site at Gordion (which will be the subject of a later article) lies on a flat plain beside the River Sangarios. On higher ground all around rise the tumuli or mounds which mark the graves of the dead. The thickest cluster of these, among which the Persian Royal road threads its way, occupies a low ridge to the east of the city, and includes the Great Tumulus, which rises to a height of about 150 ft. and has a diameter of about 600 ft. This mound, which must cover the grave of a very important personage—perhaps a Phrygian king of the time of Phrygia's greatest power in the eighth century B.C.—has always presented a challenge to the archaeologist. The technical problems of its excavation are formidable, especially since experience in digging a number of smaller mounds has shown that the grave is almost never to be found at the centre of the tumulus. Thus the first problem for the digging of the Great Tumulus was to devise a means of locating beforehand the position of the tomb within the large area covered by the mound.



FIG. 2. A BRONZE COOKING-POT, LIKE THOSE OF FIG. 14, BUT CRUSHED BY A FALLING BEAM. THE SURVIVING WOODEN STICK, THRUST THROUGH ONE RING, SHOWS THE ANCIENT METHOD OF CARRYING THE POT TO AND FROM THE FIRE.

Phrygian burials in the eighth century were usually made in large oblong chambers of wood built in deep pits cut ground-level. After the body and the offerings had been placed in the tomb, it was covered with a timber roof which, in turn, was covered by a large heap of stones; over this, earth was piled to make the tumulus. Given a tomb of this sort buried beneath a large mound, the best way of locating it seemed to be by means of a light portable oil-drilling rig. The drill can easily detect the stone-pile over the grave, yet there is no danger of the bit penetrating through the stones to do damage inside the tomb. Accordingly, the University Museum expedition acquired a suitable drilling rig and in the autumn of 1955 proceeded with the work, thus employing a new technique in archaeological work. Before the Great Tumulus was attacked, practice sessions were held on two of the smaller mounds. In each case the method proved successful; one tomb was located and dug, the second located and left to be dug the following spring. The apparatus was then moved to the Great Tumulus and several borings were made (Fig. 5), but time did not suffice to complete the work and locate the grave before cold weather set in.

In the case of Tumulus P, a mound about 40 ft. in height standing close to the Great Tumulus at the south-east, the results were more successful than could have been hoped. Not only were the position and limits of the mass of stones over the grave located—an oval mass with greatest dimensions about 45 by 56 ft.—but the exact position of the wooden chamber itself was found. This was due to the collapse in ancient times of the wooden roof of the chamber. When the roof caved in, all the stones above poured down into the chamber, filling it; but the clay of the tumulus itself was sufficiently cohesive so that it did not collapse. The result was a dome-shaped hollow, over the grave, 3 to 4 ft. high between the bottom of the clay and the top of the fallen stones. In four borings the presence of this cavity was detected



FIG. 1. A CHILD'S WOODEN SPOON, PERFECTLY PRESERVED EXCEPT FOR THE WARPING OF THE BOWL, FOUND IN THE CAULDRON OF FIG. 3.

from the sudden dropping of the drill before it struck the fallen stones below the hollow. When we returned to Gordion in April, we knew exactly where to find the burial under Tumulus P.

Its corner lay about 16 ft. to the south-west of the peak of the tumulus. A square trench about 40 ft. on a side was laid out and dug over the area of the grave. At a depth of only 10 ft. below the surface, evidence appeared to give assurance that we were on the right track: near the centre of the trench was found a round hole, about 3 ins. in diameter, which probing showed to go deep. All around this central hole and equidistant from it in all directions appeared a crack in the clay of the tumulus; the tumulus filling had, after all, settled slightly when the roof of the tomb collapsed. In the central hole began to appear small bits and shreds of wood; the hole was evidently the mould of a wooden mast set up over the grave to mark its exact position during the building of the tumulus. The mast proved to have stood over the exact centre of the grave cover—about 26 ft. to the south-west of the present peak of the mound; quite clearly the tumulus had been built purposely with its peak away from the burial below.

At a depth of about 33 ft. the hollow above the grave chamber was reached. The tumulus filling was entirely of clean clay, the lower layer of which appeared to have been a puddled or laid in damp, since it had solidified into a very hard, uniform mass. The pile of stones over the tomb had been 5 to 6 ft. thick at its centre. In clearing away the loose stones the broken cover was exposed (Fig. 6), with the stump-end of the vertical mast fallen, but still in position at the centre. The cover was double, consisting of an upper layer of eleven beams running the length of the chamber and overlapping its ends, and a lower layer of shorter cross-beams beneath. It measured about 21 ft. in length by 17 ft. in width. The wooden chamber itself measured about 14½ by 11½ ft., with a height of about 4½ ft. It was built of large squared timbers mortised together at the corners, and floored with wooden planks laid in a bed of small stones. Just below the top of the walls all around had been a series of wooden pegs, evenly spaced. One of these was still in place and many more were found inside the chamber, their ends snapped off or fallen from their sockets. To the outer ends of some of these hung shreds of cloth, suggesting that the walls of the chamber had been masked by cloth hung from the pegs.

The furnishings of the tomb were in varying states of preservation, some badly broken or crushed by the collapse of the roof and the inrush of stones, others, which had been protected by beam-ends fallen aslant, in perfect condition. Near the centre of the room a large bronze cauldron standing on an iron tripod had been crushed in the collapse. Inside it, however, was found a large number of small wooden objects (Fig. 3), some in a remarkable state of preservation. Among the finest of these are a lion (Fig. 9) and a lion attacking a bull (Figs. 3 and 10), which measure only about 3 ins. in height and 4 in length; but despite their small size all details are meticulously rendered, including the wrinkles in the turning neck of the bull and the finely engraved hair of the lions' manes. More crudely carved, but more appealing, is a winged horse eating; he stands foursquare and uses one wing, bent forward, to hold the object he is devouring (Fig. 4). The contents of the cauldron included not only animals but also small implements of wood—tiny saucers with openwork handles, a box with engraved decoration, a dipper, and several spoons, one of which is still unbroken, though its bowl has warped and curled inward (Fig. 1).

Along the south side of the chamber were found many vases, painted or of finely-polished black ware, and many vessels of bronze. The most original of the painted vases are a pair made in the shape of geese (Fig. 15), which were filled through openings in their backs and emptied by pouring through their bills. These are covered over all with geometric decoration, including a sort of feather pattern on the breasts. Of the same fabric and style is a large, round-mouthed jug (one of three; Fig. 12) decorated on the body with lions and bulls in panels, and on the neck with deer and antelope. This is the finest example yet found of the Phrygian painted ware of the late eighth century. Equally fine in its way is a black-polished jug in the shape of a goat (Fig. 13), with horns and tail curved back to make handles at either side of a filling hole on top, and an opening in the mouth for pouring. Altogether, twenty-nine



FIG. 3. THE GREAT BRONZE CAULDRON ON IRON TRIPOD LEGS WHICH WAS CRUSHED BY THE FALL OF THE ROOF OF THE TOMB. WITHIN ARE A NUMBER OF WOODEN OBJECTS, INCLUDING FIGS. 1, 4, 9 AND 10.

vases of painted or fine-polished ware were found. The east end of the chamber was occupied by many large black-polished vessels of amphora and crater form; these had probably contained liquid offerings of milk, wine, oil or the like, at the time the burial was made, while a large number of smaller round-bodied vessels along the north side had perhaps held offerings of solid food.

The bronzes along the south wall included three large bowls with ring handles. Two of these (Fig. 14), protected by a fallen beam, are in almost perfect condition. The third was struck by a falling beam and badly cracked. It is of the same type as the others, and of interest because of the circumstances of finding. One handle is turned upward and still holds the end of a wooden stick thrust through it (Fig. 2), thus indicating the way in which these vessels were carried. Among the other bronze vessels were a second cauldron, a shallow bowl with vertical handles on the rim, two trefoil-mouthed jugs, two ladles or dippers, and two plain and eighteen mesomphalic (i.e., with the centre raised like a navel) shallow bowls. Inside one of the last were found the fragments of a fluted mesomphalic bowl moulded of clear glass (Fig. 11)—the earliest vessel of this kind of glass known to exist. [Continued overleaf.]



# OBJECTS MOVING, BEAUTIFUL AND APPROPRIATE THE HOUSE OF MIDAS OF PHRYGIA: RESULTS



FIG. 4. A DELIGHTFUL AND APPEALING WOODEN FIGURE FOUND IN THE CHILD'S TOMB: A WINGED HORSE USING ONE WING TO HOLD THE OBJECT IT IS EATING. ABOUT 4 INS. LONG.



FIG. 8. THE BACK OF THE THRONE FOUND IN THE TOMB, MADE OF WOOD WITH INLAIDS OF WOOD OF A CONTRASTING COLOUR. THE CIRCULAR CENTRE-PIECE HAS AN ODDLY GOTHIC LOOK.



(Left.)  
FIG. 12. ALMOST PERFECT AND THE FINEST KNOWN EXAMPLE OF PHRYGIAN PAINTED WARE OF THE LATE EIGHTH CENTURY: A VASE, ONE OF THREE, DECORATED WITH LIONS, BULLS, DEER AND ANTELOPE.

(Right.)  
FIG. 13. AN IMPORTANT AND MOST ATTRACTIVE JUG FOUND IN THE CHILD'S TOMB: OF BLACK-POLISHED WARE, WITH DISCREET ORNAMENT. THE GOAT'S HEAD IS ALSO A SPOUT.



FIG. 5. A REVOLUTIONARY NEW ARCHÆOLOGICAL TECHNIQUE: USING A LIGHT OIL DRILL TO PROBE THE GREAT TUMULUS AS A GUIDE TO LATER EXCAVATION.



FIG. 9. MADE, IT MAY BE SUPPOSED, FOR THE PLEASURE OF THE PRINCELY CHILD IN WHOSE GRAVE IT WAS FOUND: A SMALL WOODEN FIGURE OF A LION.



# —FROM THE TOMB OF A PRINCELY CHILD OF OF AN EXCAVATION AIDED BY AN OIL DRILL.

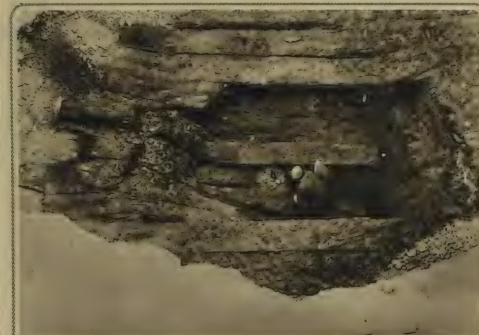


FIG. 6. THE UNCOVERED AND PARTLY FALLEN WOODEN ROOF OF THE PRINCELY CHILD'S TOMB IN TUMULUS P—PARTLY EXCAVATED, AFTER LOCATION BY MEANS OF THE OIL DRILL. IN THE CENTRE IS THE MAST-SEATING.



FIG. 10. FOUND WITH FIGS. 4 AND 9, A WOODEN FIGURE OF A LION ATTACKING A BULL—A MOTIF POPULAR IN ORIENTAL ART OF ALL AGES. ABOUT 4 INS. LONG.



FIG. 14. TWO LARGE BRONZE BOWLS WITH RING HANDLES, FOUND IN ALMOST PERFECT CONDITION. A THIRD, BUT DAMAGED, BOWL IS SHOWN IN FIG. 2.

with designs in wood of a contrasting colour (Fig. 8). The long vertical slats were fastened together by small square inlaid blocks, evenly spaced. And in this can be seen the tongue and socket method of joining and the holes through the tongues which were secured in place by pegs driven in from behind. In other parts of the throne, however, glue must have been used instead of dowels. The cross-slats which formed the seat show no other means of fastening, and therefore must have been glued in position on the cross-pieces which bore their ends, and the carved panels which decorated front and back between the legs must likewise have been glued in place. On the slats of the seat were found quantities of a purplish-red fibrous substance, evidently the remains of a cushion of felt perhaps dyed with the famous Tyrian purple. We are told by Herodotus that the earliest dedication made at Delphi by a foreign potentate was the throne offered by King Midas, on which he had used to sit when he gave judgment, and that it was well worth seeing. Our throne, Phrygian work of about the time of King Midas, may give us some idea of what the throne so admired by Herodotus was like. The pottery found in the



FIG. 7. THE BRONZE BELT FROM THE CHILD'S TOMB. OF VERY THIN BRONZE, MOUNTED ON LEATHER AND CLOTH. THE CLASP IS SHOWN, LOWER AND MIDDLE RIGHT; THE UNDECORATED BACK, ABOVE.



FIG. 11. THE EARLIEST VESSEL OF THIS KIND OF GLASS KNOWN TO EXIST: A BOWL OF CLEAR GLASS (ABOUT 6 1/2 INS. DIAMETER) MOULDED AND WITH A CENTRAL BOSS.



FIG. 15. TWO MOST ORIGINAL AND ATTRACTIVE VASES, IN THE FORM OF GEESSE, WITH DULL BLACK GEOMETRIC DECORATION ON A BUFF GROUND. THE TALLER IS ABOUT 13 1/2 INS. HIGH.

Continued from previous page.

The chamber had been filled with wooden furniture, including two or more tables, on which most of the foregoing objects had been placed at the time of burial. The collapse of the roof and the breaking of the tables account for the jumbled state in which the vases and bronzes were found. The north-west corner of the room was occupied by a bed, of which three legs were found still in place. Its width must have been about 3 1/2 ft. and its length about 7 1/2 ft. Many of the low bowls which presumably had contained food offerings had been placed underneath. At the centre of the bed-area lay a bronze belt, and within its circle was a large bronze fibula with fragments of several more. These were the personal adornments of the dead; there can, therefore, be no doubt that the body had been laid on the bed, used as a bier, especially since no traces of a coffin were found. The belt, of bronze so thin that it must have been completely flexible, was fastened by an elaborate clasp (Fig. 7). To its

inside face still adhere a whitish substance, probably the remains of a leather lining, and bits of bright blue stuff, perhaps from an inner lining of cloth. Small holes along the edges of the bronze served for sewing in the linings. The belt itself, not quite 3 ins. wide, is covered at the front with fine engraved designs, mostly variations on a complicated meander pattern. Its length, however, and the lengths of two similar belts found in the area of the bed, is only about 20 ins.; evidently it was intended to be worn by a small child. Measurement of village children around the waist showed that 20 ins. was the average circumference of four-year-olds; and Professor Senyirek's report on the teeth (the only human bones found in the tomb) attributed them to a child four to five years old. The burial, then, was that of a small child; its elaborateness and richness indicate that the child must surely have been of princely family. The selection of animal- and bird-shaped vases was appropriate for a child; and the small wooden animals and implements had perhaps been its toys during life. Opposite the bed, in the south-west corner of the chamber, were found many pieces of a large wooden chair or throne. The best preserved of these is from its back, elaborately made of openwork and inlaid

tomb includes several vessels of the same types and shapes as those found in the burned Phrygian houses of the city. The burial must have been made slightly before the Kimmerian raid brought an end to the flourishing town, and can safely be dated to the years around 700 B.C. Two small vessels from the tomb are of Cypriot Iron Age type of about this time, though they are probably local imitations. These show that there was contact with Cyprus in the eighth century, and three small vessels of blue faience suggest contact with Syria or Mesopotamia. The glass bowl, too, was probably an import from Syria or Phoenicia. But the bronzes, the bulk of the pottery, and the wooden carvings and furniture must have been made locally, and they greatly enhanced the impression gained from the excavations in the town of an advanced and rather sophisticated culture at Gordion in the last years of the Phrygian Kingdom.





WAR-SCARRED LONDON AS SEEN FROM THE STONE GALLERY OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL; A MAGNIFICENT RECORD BY LAWRENCE WRIGHT AT THE LONDON MUSEUM—LOOKING DOWN FLEET STREET, PAST THE N.W. TOWER OF ST. PAUL'S.



DOMINATED BY THE CUPOLA OF THE OLD BAILEY: THE NORTH-WEST VISTA FROM ST. PAUL'S, WITH THE BLITZED AREA OF PATERNOSTER SQUARE IN THE FOREGROUND. THE TOWER OF ST. SEPULCHRE, HIGH HOLBORN, IS TO THE RIGHT. HAMPSTEAD HEATH IS ON THE HORIZON.



FROM N.W. TO NORTH: NEWGATE STREET RUNNING ACROSS THE FOREGROUND. KING EDWARD STREET RUNS NORTHWARDS, WITH CHRIST CHURCH, NEWGATE STREET AND ITS LOVELY STEEPLE, IN THE CENTRE AND, BEHIND, VARIOUS G.P.O. BUILDINGS.



LOOKING UP ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND, WITH FURTHER GENERAL POST OFFICE BUILDINGS ON THE LEFT. ST. GILES, CRIPPLEGATE, IS ON THE EXTREME RIGHT.



THE NORTH-EAST VIEW DOMINATED BY THE STEEPLE OF THE RUINED WREN CHURCH OF ST. VEDAST ALIAS FOSTER. THE PINNACLES OF GUILDHALL ARE SEEN TO THE RIGHT OF THE MIDDLE DISTANCE, WITH THE TOWER OF ST. LAWRENCE JEWRY JUST IN FRONT.



WITH THE FAMOUS TOWER OF ST. MARY-LE-BOW IN THE CENTRE: LOOKING EAST OVER THE BOMBED AREA OF FRIDAY STREET AND BREAD STREET. WATLING STREET RUNS EASTWARDS ON THE EXTREME RIGHT. THE TOWER OF ST. MICHAEL, CORNHILL, IS IN THE DISTANCE, JUST RIGHT OF THE CENTRE.



ANOTHER BROAD EXPANSE OF THE BOMB-SCARRED CITY ON EITHER SIDE OF CANNON STREET, WITH QUEEN VICTORIA STREET RUNNING INTO IT FROM THE RIGHT. BEHIND IS CANNON STREET STATION.



FROM S.E. TO SOUTH, WITH THE RIVER THAMES RUNNING ACROSS THE MIDDLE DISTANCE. THE RUINS OF ST. NICHOLAS-COLE-ABBAY ARE ON THE LEFT, WITH THE TOWER OF ST. MARY SOMERSET ON THEIR RIGHT.



LOOKING ACROSS THE RIVER TO SOUTHWARK AND (RIGHT) BLACKFRIARS: THE MODERN BUILDING IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE CONTROLLING OFFICE OF THE LONDON TELEPHONE SERVICE, WITH PARADAY HOUSE ON ITS RIGHT.



THE CIRCLE IS COMPLETED WITH A VIEW SOUTH-WEST TOWARDS WATERLOO BRIDGE AND THE S.W. TOWER OF ST. PAUL'S ON THE RIGHT. THE TOTAL ACTUAL LENGTH OF MR. WRIGHT'S "LONDON PANORAMA" IS 27 FT.

**BEFORE THE REBUILDING: THE FULL CIRCLE OF WAR-SCARRED LONDON DRAWN FROM ST. PAUL'S; A MAGNIFICENT RECORD BY LAWRENCE WRIGHT—AT THE LONDON MUSEUM.**

*From the water-colour drawings by Lawrence Wright, M.A., B.Arch., A.R.I.B.A., reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the London Museum.*





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### JUVENILE CHARACTERS IN HEDGEHOGS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THERE seems to be a general idea that the best way of finding a hedgehog's nest is to be directed to it by the snores of its occupant. To be more precise, a phrase that has crept into the popular literature describes how one may hear the beast snoring and then, on uncovering the nest, find the hedgehog cosily curled up on its bed of leaves, fast asleep. I must confess that I have never found a hedgehog's nest this way. In fact, I have found only two, and those by accident. During the last few years, we have had up to a dozen of these animals in the garden, keeping them in wired-in enclosures. Most of them have been brought to us, either because they have been worried by dogs whose owners preferred to transport the hedgehogs out of harm's way, or brought in after having been slightly injured on the roads. In all instances, nesting-boxes have been provided, and in addition to passing and re-passing these several times a day, we have deliberately listened for the snoring, without success.

It not infrequently happens, especially towards evening, when it is wakeful but has not yet emerged, that a hedgehog will give a regular series of snorts, each a gentle but forceful exhalation. At least, that is how it sounds. It seems more likely, therefore, that these so-called snores, which are alleged to direct one's footsteps to the nests, are more likely to be the snorts made because the footsteps, already near the nest, have disturbed the occupant.

The further suggestion, that one will then find the beast cosily curled up, seems to be the adornment to the tale. My experience is that it does not sleep curled up, but lying on its front with the head extended forward and resting on whatever bedding material it may have.

Although less than a foot long, and therefore small by usual standards, hedgehogs make a good deal of noise, but most of it is non-vocal. They eat noisily, and when making their way through undergrowth or over dry leaves, the sounds in the darkness are suggestive of the approach of something much larger and more formidable. They have, however, a variety of vocal sounds, although what their function may be is difficult to determine.

Hedgehogs are essentially solitary. The boar and sow meet for a relatively brief and unspectacular courtship, preceding the mating, and once the young ones have reached sub-adult size they go their several ways. The family, watched over by the sow alone, is with her for little more than a month. There is therefore little chance for the various calls to be used as a means of communication.

The loudest sound made is the scream, of a hedgehog trapped, a cry that must be heard to be believed, from one of such relatively small size. Its biological function is obscure. It is difficult to suppose it serves as a warning to its fellows of a present danger, or that it is a call for succour. It is doubtful, also, whether it can be regarded as a cry of pain. A hedgehog, caught by the leg in a gin-trap, will struggle furiously to free itself, but will do so in silence. Only when it pauses between the struggles does it raise its head and scream to high heaven.

Apart from the scream, the snort and the snore, the last two used when disturbed and even after the animal has rolled itself into a prickly ball, there is a high-pitched metallic whistle and a sort of quack. This last is almost like a duck's quack but more squeaky. The whistle and the quack are both used by the young, more especially before they are yet able to roll into a defensive ball. Young hand-tamed hedgehogs, apparently unafraid and not noticeably ill-at-ease, will utter both these

use by adults is more the persistence of juvenile traits into the mature state.

There is another feature of hedgehog behaviour that would seem to fall into the same category. The spines of a newly-born hedgehog are soft and not very numerous, but within a few days they harden, and from then on they grow more numerous, to cover the whole back. At first, also, the young animal is unable to roll itself into a ball. This ability comes much later and after the spines have hardened. During this early period, a young hedgehog disturbed will jump on all fours or jump with the forelegs only, pivoting on the hind-feet, both actions being reminiscent of a bucking horse.

This is such a characteristic feature of the young hedgehog that, again, one is tempted to attribute to it a biological function. It can be seen if one of the litter accidentally bumps into another, when both will "buck" for several seconds before settling down again. It can be seen, and felt, when one goes to pick up one of them. As a rule, the jump carries the young animal's body an inch or two off the ground, but in extreme instances the leap will be up to 3 ins. into the air. Since the hedgehog is, at this stage, little more than 3 ins. long, the leap is relatively considerable. It is also very quick, and even the juvenile spines in one of these quick leaps, touching the tips of one's fingers, reaching down to take a young hedgehog, can be moderately painful. The spines do not draw blood, but can cause an uncomfortable irritation which lasts for some minutes.

We can but presume this action to be defensive. It can be imagined that a fox or other predator, poking its delicate snout into a nest and receiving the force of even these juvenile spines might be deterred from carrying the operation further. It is conceivable also that an old and experienced predator would return to the attack in spite of it, but that one young and inexperienced would not necessarily do so. To that degree, some immunity would result from the buck-jumping.

Whatever the significance of the jumping may be, the fact remains that it is a marked characteristic of the young. It is also the case that the same action can, infrequently, be seen in the adult. Then, however, it can hardly be regarded as defensive. While jumping, the legs and the snout are vulnerable to attack, and, whatever other arguments can be advanced, there can be little question that as a means of protection the more familiar raising of the spines and rolling into a ball are likely to prove infinitely more effective. It seems probable therefore that buck-jumping in the adult hedgehog, like the vocal sounds, has no more significance than of the persistence of a juvenile trait.

Hedgehogs have been on the earth a long time. Their remains have been found in the Oligocene, a period which ended 35,000,000 years ago. It would seem, there-

fore, that both as a race and as individuals they have not fully grown up, even if they are mature. On the other hand, it may be that the calls, as well as the buck-jumping, formerly had a function, but that the way of life of the ancient hedgehogs was different from what it is to-day, and that these things then had a significance which is now lost. Fossils tell us how ancient animals were constructed, and little about what they did.



CLIMBING THE UP-TURNED ROOT OF A TREE: A YOUNG HEDGEHOG STARTING TO EXPLORE THE WORLD AROUND IT. ONCE THE YOUNG ONES HAVE REACHED SUB-ADULT SIZE THEY LEAVE THE SOW AND GO THEIR SEVERAL WAYS.



STILL SMALL ENOUGH TO FIT INTO THE PALM OF AN OUTSTRETCHED HAND: A HALF-GROWN HEDGEHOG. THE NEWLY-BORN HEDGEHOG CAN NOT ROLL ITSELF INTO A BALL, BUT THIS ABILITY COMES AFTER THE SPINES HAVE HARDENED.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

calls persistently. The obvious explanation would be that they keep the parent in touch with her litter, yet a sleeping mother hedgehog or one that has rolled herself into a defensive ball appears to disregard them utterly. There is, indeed, every appearance of the whistle, the quack and, possibly, the scream, being juvenile cries having little more function than the noises made by children at play. There is, also, the appearance that their



THE WORLD'S OLDEST LIVING THINGS: 4000-YEAR-OLD BRISTLECONE FIRS.

FOR many years the Giant Sequoias of California, some of which are known to be 3000 years old, have been claimed as the world's oldest living things. Now, as a result of a seventeen-year survey of dendro-climatic changes in semi-arid America and during a search for better tree-ring chronologies in America's western forests, Dr. Edmund Schulman and his assistant, Mr. C. W. Ferguson, Jr., of the University of Arizona Laboratory of Tree-Ring Research, have discovered trees of a different genus showing ages in excess of 4000 years. The tree is known in America as the Bristlecone Pine, in this country as the Bristlecone Fir or Santa Lucia Fir, and scientifically as *Abies venusta*. It was first discovered in 1832 (and named in 1853) in the Santa Lucia mountains of California—a beautiful and remarkable tree normally of pyramidal form and reaching heights of 100 to 150 ft. There are now a number of examples in this country which have reached heights of 50 to 80 ft., but here

[Continued below, centre.]



LIVING TREES, SOME OF WHICH WERE 500 YEARS OLD WHEN ABRAHAM WAS BORN: A STAND OF STUNTED BRISTLECONE FIRS (*ABIES VENUSTA*), WHICH HAVE JUST BEEN DISCOVERED TO RANGE IN AGE FROM 2500 TO 4000 YEARS OLD.



BATTERED, STUNTED BUT STILL ALIVE AFTER ABOUT 4000 YEARS: A BRISTLECONE FIR, FROM WHICH MR. C. W. FERGUSON IS EXTRACTING A CORE FOR RING-COUNTING.

[Continued.]

Utah and Northern Arizona. The oldest specimens were found at about 10,000 to 11,000 ft. altitude. The general purpose of the survey is to discover the climatic history of the region; and some interesting points emerge. The period of drought which began in Arizona in 1921 is the severest in Southern Arizona for

[Continued.] it is susceptible to late spring frosts. These newly-discovered and fantastically old specimens are far different in appearance. It had been discovered that excellent and sensitive chronologies could be found in dwarfed trees of several species, in all states of the Western United States and adjacent areas in Canada. Conifers, severely stunted in diameter and height growth by a semi-arid, adverse environment, showed great sensitivity to fluctuations in seasonal moisture; and this group of Bristlecone Firs in the White Mountains range in stem thickness from 25 to 50 ins. and in height from 15 to 30 ft. Trees of the same species between 2000 and 3000 years old were found in the Panamint Mts. in California and also in Nevada; and several over 1000 years, but under 2000 years old in Southern

[Continued below, left.]



THE DISCOVERER OF THE FANTASTIC AGE OF THESE BRISTLECONE FIRS: DR. SCHULMAN EXAMINING A SECTION OF A 4000-YEAR-OLD TREE, COLLECTED IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS, CALIFORNIA.

700 years. In the Colorado River basin the droughts of the 13th century and the floods of the 14th were worse than anything recorded by modern gauges; a rainfall change took place about 300 years ago; and an abnormal climate has prevailed in much of the West since about 1870.



# EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH PORTRAITS.



"THE RT. HON. GUSTAVUS HAMILTON, 2ND VISCOUNT BOYNE," A PORTRAIT OF A MEMBER OF THE HELL-FIRE CLUB BY WILLIAM HOGARTH (1697-1764). (Oil on canvas; 19½ by 14½ ins.)



"MR. SYMPSON THE FLAUTIST," BY JOHN ZOFFANY, R.A. (1734-1810): IN THE SABIN GALLERIES' OPENING EXHIBITION "ENGLISH PORTRAITS, 1700-1800," WHICH CONTINUES UNTIL THE END OF NOVEMBER. (Oil on canvas; 36 by 28 ins.)

## A LONDON GALLERY'S OPENING EXHIBITION.



"PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN," BY ARTHUR DEVIS (1711-1787), WHO WAS BORN AT PRESTON AND WAS A PUPIL OF PETER TILLEMANS. THIS WORK IS FROM ABOUT 1760. (Oil on canvas; 22 by 14½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN, PERHAPS WILLIAM LOCK," A NEWLY DISCOVERED PORTRAIT BY RICHARD WILSON, R.A. (1713-1782). WILSON MAY HAVE PAINTED THIS WHILE HE WAS STAYING IN ITALY. (Oil on canvas; 30 by 25 ins.)



"ANNE, COUNTESS OF RADNOR," ONE OF A SET OF SIX COMPANION PORTRAITS PAINTED IN 1773 AND 1774 BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (1727-1788). (Oil on canvas; 30 by 25 ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG NAVAL OFFICER," BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. (1723-1796): AN EARLY WORK OF THE PLYMOUTH PERIOD BEFORE REYNOLDS WENT TO LONDON. (Oil on canvas; 30 by 25 ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF MASTER BAINES," BY GEORGE ROMNEY (1734-1802). THE SITTER LATER BECAME ROMNEY'S PUPIL. (Oil on canvas; 57 by 44 ins.)



"A SPITZ DOG DRINKING," BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH. A SPITZ DOG APPEARS IN SEVERAL OF GAINSBOROUGH'S WORKS, INCLUDING "THE MORNING WALK," WHICH WAS ACQUIRED BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY IN 1954. (Oil on canvas; 33 by 24½ ins.)



"MISS SALLY DUESBURY," BY JOSEPH WRIGHT (OF DERBY), A.R.A. (1734-1797). WRIGHT PAINTED THIS IN 1780 AND RECEIVED £31 10s. FOR IT. (Oil on canvas; 50 by 40 ins.)

For their most interesting opening exhibition—"English Portraits, 1700-1800"—the Sabin Galleries, at 4, Cork Street, W.1, have assembled twenty-five paintings and one sculpture. Portraiture has been broadly interpreted and the exhibition includes pictures of horses, a dog and even a whole estate. The eighteenth century in England was an age of gracious living which was magnificently recorded by a great school of portrait painters,

who, though influenced by various foreign schools, developed a style which was essentially English. The three leading figures of this school, Reynolds, Gainsborough and Romney, are all well represented in the exhibition. The early Reynolds portrait, painted before the artist's Italian tour and move to London, is a striking work. As well as the two Gainsboroughs shown here there is a long lost portrait, "The Rev. Richard Canning."



A U.S. COLLECTION TO BE  
SOLD AT SOTHEBY'S.



"PORTRAIT OF AMEDEE BERNY D'OUVILLE," BY EUGENE DELACROIX (1798-1863); ONE OF FOURTEEN PICTURES FROM THE GOLDSCHMIDT COLLECTION TO BE SOLD AT SOTHEBY'S. (Oil on canvas; 23½ by 19½ ins.)



"VENUS AU BAIN; EMMA DOBIGNY," A MAGNIFICENT WORK BY COROT (1796-1875), WHICH WAS IN THE LANDAU COLLECTION. (Oil on canvas; 46 by 35½ ins.)

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FINE OLD MASTERS AND  
IMPRESSIONISTS.



"A YOUNG GIRL LIFTING HER VEIL," BY MURILLO (1617-1682); THE COMPANION-PIECE TO THE POPULAR "PEASANT BOY" IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY. (Oil on canvas; 20½ by 15 ins.)



"LES BAIGNEURS," BY HONORE DAUMIER (1808-1879). THERE IS ALSO A FINE DAUMIER DRAWING IN THIS GROUP. (Oil on panel; 12½ by 10 ins.)



"THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI," BY THE MASTER OF ST. GUDULE. THESE PICTURES FROM THE GOLDSCHMIDT COLLECTION HAVE BEEN SENT TO SOTHEBY'S FROM THE UNITED STATES. (Oil on panel; 18½ by 16 ins.)



"THE VIRGIN," BY EL GRECO (1541-1614); POSSIBLY A STUDY FOR "THE VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH ST. ANNE" AT THE WADSWORTH ATHENEUM, HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT. (Oil on canvas; 18½ by 14½ ins.)



"L'ARABE BLESSE," A STRIKING LATE WORK BY EUGENE DELACROIX. SIGNED AND DATED, 1859. (Oil on canvas; 17½ by 21½ ins.)



"TWO HEADS OF NEGROES," BY VAN DYCK (1599-1641); A WORK SHOWING THE ARTIST'S STRONG DEBT TO HIS MASTER, RUBENS. (Oil on canvas; 12 by 18½ ins.)

The sale of Old Master and French Impressionist Paintings to be held at Messrs. Sotheby's, 34 and 35, New Bond Street, on November 28, includes a most important group of fourteen works from the collection of the late Jakob Goldschmidt, eight of which are reproduced here. Jakob Goldschmidt, the well-known Berlin banker, emigrated to the United States when Hitler came to power. On his death early this year the collection was inherited by his son, who has given instructions for these fourteen

works to be sold at Sotheby's. They are described as "the most important small group of paintings to be offered in London since the war" and as "the most valuable consignment of works of art to be received in this country from America since the restrictions regarding the import of works of art were relaxed." The six works not shown here are an eighteenth-century German School landscape, a magnificent Cuyt, a van Beyeren still-life, a drawing by Daumier, a Renoir "Tête de Femme" and a Pissarro.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## NOTHING BARRED.

By J. C. TREWIN.

**Y**EARs ago, in that famous series of drawings, "The British Character," the lamented "Pont" might have included "Joking About Shakespeare." It has long been a national sport. Even the non-Shakespearian, embarrassed heretic, cannot help knowing about such things as the Ghost of Hamlet's father, Shylock and the pound of flesh, and the tale of Romeo and Juliet, and through the years there has usually been someone to laugh (with, at the same time, a certain self-conscious pride) at what, inevitably, he will call the Bard.

This burlesquing flourished, of course, in the mid-Victorian theatre. And earlier, in the 1830's, I think of Robert Browning in the pit at a Covent Garden performance of his "Strafford." When asked by a stranger if he were the author of "Romeo and Juliet" and "Othello," he answered modestly, "No, so far as I am aware." (There were burlesques, by a Mr. Dowling, that Browning had not discovered.)

Personally, some of my favourite Shakespearian jokes are still in St. John Hankin's set of "sequels" to a dozen or so famous plays. Immediately after seeing "Much Ado About Nothing" at the Old Vic, I returned to Hankin's sequel, and gave an excellent performance in my own room to an audience of an incredulous yellow kitten. As Hankin says wisely, the end of Shakespeare's "Much Ado" does look glum for everybody. Hero is saddled with a jealous Claudio; and Benedick and Beatrice are likely to find that "a common taste in badinage is not the most satisfactory basis for matrimony."

What more natural, then, than that Hankin should open in the garden of Benedick's house where Beatrice is "keeping up her reputation for conversational brilliancy by a series of sprightly witticisms"? Thus: "Pretty questions should be asked only by pretty people. There! What do you think of *that* for wit?" Benedick, with reason, can hardly trust himself "to characterise it in—er—fitting terms." When Don Pedro duly turns up, he finds his friend far from happy. Moreover, Claudio's marriage has been luckless too. "What," says Pedro,

What with my brother John's absolute genius for hatching plots, and my utter inability to detect them, not to speak of Claudio's unfortunate propensity for overhearing conversations and misunderstanding them, the intervals of harmony were extremely few, and, at last, Hero lost patience and divorced him.

Benedick has to admit that his own marriage has been far from successful. As he says, it is all very well to listen to sparkling sallies for ten minutes or so, but Beatrice is utterly incapable of answering the simplest question without a blaze of epigram. He has been obliged to fall into a kind of swoon, so that, while comatose, he can live without inconvenience through any amount of coruscation. Naturally, he agrees with enthusiasm to run away, leaving behind him the lines, "Bored to death by Beatrice's tongue Was the hero that lived here"; and Beatrice, who has been waiting in the usual arbour, reflects that if he had not gone, she certainly would have done: he had grown too dull for anything.

Several of Hankin's sequels have worn well ("The Third Mrs. Tanqueray," for example, and "Still Stooping" in which Kate Hardcastle must continue to be a housemaid); but clearly he most enjoyed the Shakespearian ones. I do not know what he would have thought of a current bill at the Players' Theatre Club which offers the most sustained Shakespearian joke we have had for some years. This is "The Three Caskets," at the expense (not surprisingly) of "The Merchant of Venice." An operetta in one act, it is devised and composed by Peter Greenwell, with a libretto by Gordon Snell. A sub-title, "or Venice Re-Served," is

in the proper H. J. Byronian spirit, though the piece itself does not flash into many verbal fireworks. Mr. Snell works rather diffidently in rhyming couplets; the only true Victorian flicker that remained with me when the night was done was Portia's "The quality of Percy is not strained."

That is unintelligible unless you know that one of Portia's wooers is the Hon. Percy Bassanio. The others are Patrick O'Larragan, who seems to

have come from the deadlier Boucicault drama, and Morocco Joe, a coon from the heart of Louisiana: he may have reminded long-memoried playgoers of Komisarjevsky's treatment of the Prince of Morocco, years ago, at no less a theatre than Stratford's Shakespeare Memorial.

The libretto, you will gather, is ingenious. The real pleasure of "The Three Caskets" is its musical pastiche. Mr. Greenwell has a quick sense of humour, and Belmont Square, S.W.1, where Portia Browne receives her suitors, rings with rose-of-Tralee and plantation ditties, not to speak of a patriotic number for Bassanio, who looks like someone from either Valentine Brown's regiment or the Hon. George d'Alroy's—it does not matter which, because the periods in this complicated household are madly mixed. Portia has two waiting-gentlewomen, Nerina and Clarissa, in the more-or-less Elizabethan manner, and also "Jessie Kerr," a former ballerina in domestic service, who is apt to skim into "Swan Lake" while she does the dusting.

An amiable enough night, on the whole: in any event, well sung by Margaret Burton, Denis Martin and Robin Hunter. Serner Shakespearians can prepare for alarms; but then I do not imagine anybody goes to the Players' Theatre for a respectful bow to the classics. Although "The Three Caskets" fits pleasantly into "Late Joys," it is an awkward betwixt-and-between length for any regular bill. No doubt its future is in television.

There has been an unexpected dive into Shakespeare at the Arts Theatre. Rosalinde Fuller, giving her accomplished protean programme—she is good with stories by Schnitzler and Guy de Maupassant—ended unwisely with a potted "Romeo and Juliet" which she called "Love in Verona." This was entirely a study of Juliet. To tell it, Miss Fuller had to wrench the text, putting into Juliet's mouth various snatches of Friar Laurence, the Nurse, and so forth. That apart, the performance did not come off, because the actress is not temperamentally a Juliet. In spite of her dexterity elsewhere—and I doubt whether Maupassant's "The Window Game" could have been better told—Miss Fuller ought not to have gambled with Shakespeare. Or—if she insisted on this brand of compression—"Death at Inverness" might have been happier, or, possibly, "Merry War." I feel, myself, she ought to stick to the other monologues she can manage with genuine art.

It has been a strange few days. "The Adding Machine," performed by R.A.D.A. finals students (under Hugh Miller) in the Vanbrugh Theatre, took us a long way from Shakespeare—to a revival of Elmer Rice's expressionist play of Mr. Zero. This comes to us now as an odd period experiment, but one better, even yet, than its imitators through the years. Rice, in his most cunning scenes—at the stylised party, for example—could use a difficult technique with shattering force. At the Vanbrugh, Ewan Hooper, in whose mind we went to the Elysian Fields and beyond, gave the kind of controlled, urgent performance that made us confident of meeting him in the West End theatre not so far ahead.

It is another long leap to "Running Wild," done at Birmingham by the Alexandra Theatre Repertory Company during the last fortnight of its current season. In this harum-scarum business, Peter Powell, who is a really alert man of the theatre, appears to have tried deliberately to cram in as many of the stock jokes of English farce as possible. The trouble is that it is too wild to be funny. Any farce must begin on moderately firm ground, but here Mr. Powell throws us at once, and without explanation, into a free fight, a wild farcical progress—nothing barred.



"THE MOST SUSTAINED SHAKESPEARIAN JOKE WE HAVE HAD FOR SOME YEARS": "THE THREE CASKETS" (PLAYERS'), SHOWING (L. TO R.) PATRICK O'LARRAGAN (DENIS MARTIN), NERINA (PATRICIA ROWLANDS), CLARISSA (MAVIS TRILL) AND MOROCCO JOE (ROBIN HUNTER) IN "WHAT A LOVELY PLOT."



ONE OF THE TEN VARIED AND SPARKLING NUMBERS IN "LUISILLO AND HIS SPANISH DANCE THEATRE" (PRINCES): "GIGANTES Y CABEZUDOS" ("GIANTS AND BIG HEADS") WITH THE TWO PEASANTS FROM CALATORAO (LUISILLO AND MARIA ROSARIO) KNEELING BEFORE THE STATUE OF OUR LADY DURING THEIR VISIT TO THE GAY AND COLOURFUL FIESTA AT ZARAGOZA.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE GOOD WOMAN OF SETZUAN" (Royal Court).—I will return to Brecht's parable-morality, with Dame Peggy Ashcroft in her double rôle of "angel of the slums" and stern "cousin." (October 31.)

"TEN-MINUTE ALIBI" (Westminster).—Anthony Armstrong's puzzle revived. (November 2.)

"THE BALD PRIMA DONNA" and "THE NEW TENANT" (Arts).—Double bill by Eugene Ionesco. (November 6.)

"NUDE WITH VIOLIN" (Globe).—Coward's play, with Sir John Gielgud. (November 7.)

"THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE" (Winter Garden).—Shaw revival, with Tyrone Power. (November 8.)





ENGLAND'S FIRST GREAT PRIMA BALLERINA: ALICIA MARKOVA IN HER ROYAL VARIETY PERFORMANCE ROLE—"THE DYING SWAN."

The great interest shown in the Bolshoi Company's recent London Season is yet another confirmation of the magnificent work done by our own English ballet companies in building up an enthusiastic public for ballet in this country. One of the earliest and principal architects of this achievement has been the great English ballerina, Alicia Markova, who, like Ulanova, is one of the world's greatest exponents of "Giselle." When fourteen, Alicia Marks began training with Diaghilev. On his death she elected to stay in this country,

dancing first with the Ballet Club at the Mercury Theatre and with the Vic-Wells Company from 1932-35. In 1935 she launched with Anton Dolin the Markova-Dolin Ballet. In 1938 she joined the Ballet Russes, and she remained in America until 1948. Soon after her return to England Markova danced as Prima Ballerina with the Festival Ballet Company. She was due to appear in the Royal Variety Performance at the London Palladium on November 5, at which she was expected to dance "The Dying Swan."

Photographs by Houston Rogers.



## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. MOSTLY ABOUT VANITY.

By FRANK DAVIS.



I DON'T know how many who read this page strolled round Christie's before the sale of the late Lucius O'Callaghan's collection of paintings, which took place on October 12. Those who did possibly had the same impression as myself—that we were looking at what I can only describe as a nice, old-fashioned, cosy mezzo-brow accumulation of old masters, nothing magnificent, no great or fashionable names, but numerous nice, unpretentious, unspectacular pictures mostly of the Dutch and Flemish seventeenth century by little men, many of whom, I have to confess, were unknown to me. It has been explained to me very kindly, that as I have never been to Dublin, I can scarcely be said to have lived—"see Naples and die; see Dublin and live," was the gist of the advice I was given—and that my ignorance of the personality of the owner of these pictures was a serious lapse. I now make amends as best I can.

Mr. O'Callaghan, who died recently at the age of seventy-eight, was a practising architect who, among many other buildings, was responsible for the headquarters of the Royal Dublin Society and also made the designs for the New Gallery of The Royal Hibernian Academy, destroyed during the troubles, and not yet rebuilt. He was also—from 1923 to 1927—Director of The National Gallery of Ireland. In the intervals of a busy professional life his abiding interests were porcelain and pictures, especially the latter. Circumstances in Ireland in the 1920's were such that great numbers of pictures came on to the local market. He possessed taste and a flair, but not much money, only on rare occasions paying more than about £10 for any single item. His friends tell me that it is unlikely that in the course of twenty years or so he spent more than a total of £1500 to £2000 on the whole of his collection of about 250 pictures and drawings. When they were sold at Christie's they realised £18,000.

I am well aware that, when one is dead, money is indeed dross, and that the late owner is not now in the least involved. It is, though, of interest to the living to learn that such opportunities were offered to a keen eye in the Dublin of a generation ago and that a man of modest means consistently taking a line of his own and buying what were then unfashionable paintings for his own pleasure, has inadvertently surprised his heirs. Obviously, too, had he fallen on evil days towards the end of his life, he could have made himself reasonably comfortable by selling earlier. There have been several other not dissimilar results of a combination of knowledge, shrewdness and good fortune during the past year or so. It so happens that, writing before the event, I was talking on this page (October 20) about the porcelain made at Longton Hall, the small factory in Staffordshire which lasted only from 1750 to 1760, illustrating the article with some pieces coming up for sale at Sotheby's. Part of this sale consisted of Longton Hall pieces bought about thirty years ago by the owners, Dr. and Mrs. Statham, both well known to collectors of English ceramics. I am informed that they were offered these pieces in one lot at Salisbury, the scene of the sale of a great quantity of the Longton Hall stock in 1760, and paid £46 for them. These same pieces sold for £10,000 on October 16. So much for money, so easy to despise when you have plenty; I return to Mr. O'Callaghan's pictures, many of which I should add were much in need of cleaning.

I have always thought of Lucas van Uden (Antwerp, 1595-1672) as a beautiful draughtsman

on the evidence of several serene landscape drawings in recent Colnaghi exhibitions. I think of him now, thanks to an O'Callaghan picture on panel, since cleaned, as an accomplished romantic painter in the manner of—and really not far removed from—Rubens himself. Another "little master" of quality is J. S. Mancadam (1602-1680), not so precise perhaps, but with a subtle sense of atmosphere; and, among the Italians, Monsu Desiderio, working in Naples in the first half of the seventeenth century, who allowed his imagination to brood over fantastic and impossible ruins, oddly anticipating some of the work of Piranesi

because it (a) was in poor condition and (b) showed a ship on a rough sea; people wouldn't live with such things, said he, because it made them seasick. Consequently, I had hopes that I might be as fortunate as the late owner and buy it for a song (or should I say, in view of the subject, for a rock 'n' roll dance number?), but alas! someone, presumably a good sailor, went and bought it for 260 guineas.

Among several still-lives of quality was one—a *Vanitas* (Fig. 2)—by the rare minor master Pieter de Ring, who lived and worked in Leyden (1615-1660), sometimes signed his paintings simply with a ring, and in this case lavished loving care upon flowers, glasses, silver and a dozen other inanimate objects, including a skull. Nowadays skulls, it is reasonable to assert, are out of fashion; we do not care to hang upon our walls a reminder that all things return to dust. In this respect we have abandoned the simple tough piety of the seventeenth century, and it occurs to me that our fashionable portrait painters would register surprise if anyone went to them suggesting that his portrait appeared in next year's Academy with the right hand resting upon a skull—a not uncommon device then and earlier. The most astonishing skull in all Western painting? I suggest the elongated skull, seen as if in a distorting mirror, in the foreground of Holbein's "Ambassadors" in The National Gallery. These *Vanitas* pictures are, of course, intended to be edifying, and generally, as here, show, in addition to the ephemeral flowers and other things, an hour-glass and a piece of paper bearing the inscription *Vanitas Vanitatum et omnia Vanitas*, but I suspect that the painters were, most of them, not so much interested in giving us a little moral sermon, as in showing how beautifully they could compose a picture and with what consummate skill they could paint; and of all the things convention demanded that they include, a skull is notoriously difficult to render convincingly.

I suspect also that it was one of the supreme tests of a man's competence, and therefore that they took more than ordinary pride in doing it well, with the result that their public were less impressed by the lesson of the picture than delighted by the craftsmanship displayed by it. Indeed, in this as in other good still-lives, whether "vanities," or no, the eye lingers long over the reflections in the glass, the gleam of metal, the dull sheen on the pearl necklace, the delicate veining on the flowers, the little touches which emphasise the signet ring on the book, the subtle recessions of the skull, before the mind registers the lesson the painting was no doubt—if half-heartedly—intended to convey. In short, what is ostensibly a lugubrious sermon becomes a hymn of praise to the marvellous skill of man; there's life rather than death in all of them.

It so happened that, browsing around after the O'Callaghan sale, I came across another attractive *Vanitas* (Fig. 1) by a man hitherto unknown to me; so distinct a personality, and with so personal a handwriting that if I ever come across another by the same hand I ought to be able to recognise it immediately. This was in the current Old Masters Exhibition at the Brod Gallery, in Sackville Street. The painter is Gerrit van Vucht, who flourished at Schiedam from about 1610 to 1669. To judge by this *Vanitas* and by another still-life by him in the exhibition, he was fond of arranging his books, glasses and other paraphernalia to make an acute angle with the table on which they rest, of leaving the upper part of his picture-space empty, and of regarding his composition as a rather rigid geometrical design. I wouldn't say he knows what to do with the light; but he has a nice colour sense, and the whole effect is uncommonly neat and unpretentious—a name and an individual style to be remembered.



FIG. 1. "VANITAS," BY GERRIT VAN VUCHT: IN THE CURRENT AUTUMN EXHIBITION OF OLD MASTERS AT THE BROD GALLERY, 36, SACKVILLE STREET, W.1. THE PICTURES REPRODUCED HERE ARE AMONG THOSE DISCUSSED BY FRANK DAVIS IN HIS ARTICLE.  
(Oil on panel; 13 by 11 ins.)



FIG. 2. "AMONG SEVERAL STILL-LIVES OF QUALITY": "VANITAS," BY PIETER DE RING. THIS WAS IN THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE LUCIUS O'CALLAGHAN, ESQ., WHICH WAS AUCTIONED AT CHRISTIE'S ON OCTOBER 12. SIGNED AND DATED, 1643.  
(Oil on panel; 26 by 33½ ins.)

in Rome a hundred years later—and much to the taste of to-day, which appreciates both the bland incongruities of the early Chirico and the swirling mysteries of John Piper. Among the better known and more normal paintings was a lively little marine by A. Van Beyeren (1620-1675), which a dealer assured me was more or less unsaleable



# THE CAPTURED DESTROYER AND TWO GENERALS; EGYPTIAN PRISONERS IN ISRAELI HANDS.



THE CAPTURED EGYPTIAN FRIGATE *IBRAHIM AWAL*, WITH THE ISRAELI ENSIGN AT THE PEAK, AT HAIFA. SHE SURRENDERED HALF AN HOUR AFTER THE FIRST ISRAELI SHOT.



TWO OF THE HITS, BOTH WELL ABOVE THE WATERLINE, ON THE EGYPTIAN FRIGATE *IBRAHIM AWAL*.



EGYPTIAN NAVAL RATINGS FROM THE FRIGATE *IBRAHIM AWAL* SQUATTING ON THE GROUND WHILE THEY RECEIVE INSTRUCTIONS FROM THEIR CAPTORS.



ISRAELI TROOPS IN HIGH SPIRITS RETURNING TO BEERSHEBA WITH A CAPTURED EGYPTIAN FLAG ON THEIR RETURN FROM SINAI ON NOVEMBER 3.



CAPTURED BY THE ISRAELIS IN THE GAZA STRIP: (L. TO R.) MAJOR-GENERAL EL AGRULI, AND THE GOVERNOR OF GAZA, MAJOR-GENERAL AL DIGWI.



AN ISRAELI TRUCK—WITH "SUEZ" ON THE MUDGUARD—LEADS A LINE OF EGYPTIAN PRISONERS TAKEN DURING THE CAPTURE OF GAZA ON NOVEMBER 2.

Perhaps the two most striking events in the Israeli campaign against the Egyptians were the capture of the Egyptian frigate *Ibrahim Awal* off Haifa on October 31—which is reported elsewhere in this issue; and the swift campaign, which resulted in the sealing off and capture of Gaza and the Gaza strip on November 2. Pictures of this latter campaign appear on pp. 810-811. On November 4 the Israeli command held a Press conference at which their two most conspicuous prisoners were exhibited: Major-General Yusuf Abdullah el Agruli, the commander of the Egyptian

8th Division; and Major-General Muhammed Fuad al Digwi, the Governor-General of Gaza. The latter declined to answer any questions put to him by the Press. The Divisional Commander, however, attributed his defeat and that of the Sinai army to the fact that Anglo-French action against Egyptian airfields had robbed him of air cover and that his position had been weakened by the withdrawal of units from the Gaza strip to the Suez Canal area. He said he had not asked for reinforcements and his attitude has been described as one of fatalistic resignation.





SYRIA, JORDAN, SAUDI ARABIA, ISRAEL, EGYPT, SINAI, GAZA STRIP, JERUSALEM, DAMASCUS, BEIRUT, CAIRO, SUZ, SUEZ CANAL, MEDITERRANEAN SEA, RED SEA, SINAI PENINSULA, ISRAELI ARMY, EGYPTIAN ARMY, ISRAELI CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE EGYPTIANS IN SINAI.



(Above.) THE CAPTURE OF GAZA: ISRAELI TROOPS MOVING IN ON THE CITY DURING THE LAST STAGE OF THE OPERATION. THE CITY SURRENDERED AT 10 A.M. ON NOVEMBER 2.



(Above.) AN ISRAELI ARMORED COLUMN IN THE STREETS OF GAZA, WHICH WAS ENTERED BY THEIR TROOPS ON NOVEMBER 2.



THE END OF THE CAMPAIGN IN THE GAZA STRIP: ISRAELI TROOPS MOVING INTO THE LINES OF THE SURRENDERED EGYPTIANS NEAR GAZA ITSELF.



EGYPTIAN DEAD LYING BESIDE THEIR TRUCK NEAR EL ARISH, AT THE SOUTHERN END OF THE GAZA STRIP. THIS WAS ONE OF THE LAST POCKETS OF EGYPTIAN RESISTANCE.



THE FINAL ADVANCE ON GAZA: ISRAELI TROOPS MOVING IN TOWARDS THE CITY, WHICH OFFERED LITTLE RESISTANCE. THE PREVIOUS NIGHT'S BOMBARDMENT HAD CONCENTRATED ON GUN POSITIONS IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY.



THE CITY, WHICH OFFERED LITTLE RESISTANCE. THE PREVIOUS NIGHT'S BOMBARDMENT HAD CONCENTRATED ON GUN POSITIONS IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY.



MEN OF GAZA GATHERED IN A SMALL SQUARE DURING AN ISRAELI SEARCH FOR MEMBERS OF THE FEDAYEEN INFILTRATOR GANGS. MOST OF THESE MEN WERE SOON RELEASED.



A CAPTURED EGYPTIAN TANK BEING OPERATED BY AN ISRAELI CREW. AN ISRAELI MILITARY SPOKESMAN SAID ABOUT 100 TANKS WERE CAPTURED.



ISRAELI SOLDIERS EXAMINE A LIGHT ARTILLERY PIECE CAPTURED IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF GAZA. IT IS STATED TO BE OF SPANISH MANUFACTURE.



AN ANTI-TANK GUN, SAID TO BE OF RUSSIAN ORIGIN, WHICH WAS CAPTURED DURING THE BATTLE FOR RAFAH, PROVIDES AN INTERESTING PRIZE.



WHERE THE DESERT PROVIDES A CONVENIENT SAND-TABLE: OFFICERS OF THE ISRAELI ARMY DISCUSS A MODEL OF THE OBJECTIVE BEFORE GOING INTO ACTION.

## A CAMPAIGN WHICH LASTED

## LESS THAN A WEEK: SOME ASPECTS OF

The Israeli invasion of Egyptian territory began on October 29 with a two-pronged drive into the Sinai Peninsula. On November 4 Israel was claiming that her victory in Sinai was complete, and, indeed, on November 3 the Israel Cabinet decided to inform the President of the emergency session of the United

Nations General Assembly that Israel would order an immediate cease-fire provided Egypt did the same. On November 2 Gaza fell to the Israeli forces; and Major-General el Agruli, commander of the Egyptian 8th Division in the Gaza strip, surrendered. At this time three positions about ten miles

THE ISRAELI VICTORY IN THE SINAI PENINSULA AND THE GAZA STRIP. east of the Suez Canal had been reached and were being consolidated, one facing Qantaya, the second, Ismailia, and the third, Suez. Other units were reported to have reached the Red Sea and it was believed that Israeli troops held two islands in the Straits of Tiran, which command the Gulf of Akaba.

It is from these islands that Egyptian gun positions have prevented Israeli ships from proceeding up the gulf to the Neger port of Eilat. The heaviest fighting is said to have taken place around Abu Agheila, and this battlefield has been visited by correspondents, who saw the evidence of hard fighting.



## A STATE OCCASION IN THE SEYCHELLES, AND OTHER EVENTS ABROAD.



FOLLOWING THE EXPLOSION WHICH TRAPPED 113 MINERS DEEP UNDERGROUND: THE DAMAGED COLLIERY, IN NOVA SCOTIA. On November 2 an explosion occurred in a coal mine at Springhill, in Nova Scotia, and 113 miners were trapped. At first there seemed little hope, but up to the time of writing about forty men had been rescued.



TO AVOID ACCIDENTS ON FROZEN ROADS: AN IMPORTANT SECTION OF A SWISS ROAD BEING EQUIPPED WITH HEATING APPARATUS—THE FIRST OF ITS KIND IN EUROPE. THE HEATING ELEMENT IS BELOW THE SURFACE.



A BUDDHIST MONK FOR A PERIOD OF FIFTEEN DAYS: KING BHUMIBOL ADULYADEH OF SIAM AFTER BEING RECEIVED INTO THE ORDER.

On October 22 it was reported that King Adulyadeh had become a Buddhist monk for fifteen days, thus reviving an ancient Siamese tradition. The Queen waited outside the Temple while the King's head was shorn, and after the initiation was complete the King received the salutations of his court.



ADDRESSING A WELCOMING CROWD FROM THE BALCONY OF HIS PALACE IN WARSAW: CARDINAL WYSZYŃSKI, PRIMATE OF POLAND, AFTER HIS RELEASE FROM CAPTIVITY.



AT THE STADIUM OF ANCIENT OLYMPIA: THE TRADITIONAL OLYMPIC TORCH, AFTER IT HAD BEEN KINDLED, BEGINNING ITS JOURNEY TO MELBOURNE.

On November 2 the Olympic flame was kindled from a fire lit by means of the sun's rays and a concave mirror. The flame was then relayed by 345 runners to Athens, from where it was to be flown to Darwin and Cairns, in Australia. From there, more runners will take it to Melbourne. Girls in ancient Grecian costume attended the kindling ceremony.



ON HIS ARRIVAL IN THE SEYCHELLES: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH LISTENING TO A LOYAL ADDRESS FROM DR. HILDA STEVENSON DELHOMME.

On November 2 the Duke of Edinburgh, who is on his way to Australia for the Olympic Games, arrived in the Royal yacht *Britannia* at Mahé, in the Seychelles Islands, where Archbishop Makarios and other Enosis leaders are at present in exile. He received, on arrival, a loyal address from Dr. Delhomme, chairman of the Victoria District Council.



# INTERVENTION BY BRITAIN AND FRANCE: OPERATIONS IN THE CANAL ZONE.



(Above.) ONE OF THE MILITARY TARGETS IN EGYPT ATTACKED BY BRITISH BOMBERS: A MILITARY BUILDING AT HELIOPOLIS, NEAR CAIRO.

FOLLOWING the Israeli invasion of the Sinai Peninsula and Egypt's refusal to accept the British and French ultimatum, the British and French Air Forces proceeded to attack military targets in Egypt. The ultimatum expired at 4.30 a.m. on October 31 and twelve hours later it was announced in Cyprus that an allied air offensive was at that moment being launched against Egyptian targets. The first attacks were aimed at airfields. Later on, other military targets were also attacked, including Egyptian radio stations. By November 3 it was officially announced that a very high proportion of the Egyptian Air Force had been put out of action, many of the aircraft destroyed being Russian-built MIG-15 fighters and IL-28 bombers. The

[Continued below.]



LEAVING ALGIERS: FRENCH PARACHUTE TROOPS ABOARD A WARSHIP ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR A DESTINATION IN THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN.



CLAIMED BY NASSER TO HAVE BEEN SEIZED, AND THE EQUIPMENT CONFISCATED: ONE OF THE BRITISH BASES IN THE CANAL ZONE.



COMMANDING THE 16TH AIRBORNE INDEPENDENT BRIGADE: BRIG. M. A. H. BUTLER. ALLIED LANDINGS TOOK PLACE ON NOVEMBER 5.



IN CYPRUS: AN R.A.F. CANBERRA BEING LOADED WITH BOMBS BEFORE TAKING OFF ON A RAID AGAINST MILITARY TARGETS IN EGYPT.



LYING BROADSIDE ACROSS THE SUEZ CANAL NEAR LAKE TIMSAH: THE EGYPTIAN BLOCKSHIP SAID TO HAVE BEEN SCUTTLED AT THIS POINT AFTER AN UNSUCCESSFUL R.A.F. ATTACK.

[Continued.] attacks were reported to have been very accurate; Egyptian anti-aircraft fire was ineffective and there was no fighter opposition. On November 5 the first parachute troop landings, for the purpose of the temporary occupation of positions along the Canal, took place soon after dawn. At the time of writing, the latest news was of the cease-fire order given after the Egyptian military commander and governor of Port Said had sought surrender negotiations with Brigadier Butler, later on November 5.



## PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**C.-IN-C., ANGLO-FRENCH FORCES INTERVENING IN EGYPT: GENERAL KEIGHTLEY.** General Sir Charles Keightley has been appointed C.-in-C. of the British and French forces intervening in Egypt, it was reported on November 1. Vice-Admiral P. Barjot has been appointed his Deputy. General Keightley has been until this appointment C.-in-C., Middle East Land Forces, and chairman of the Middle East Commanders-in-Chief Committee, and his headquarters are in Cyprus.



**NOW IN CYPRUS: ADMIRAL SIR GUY GRANTHAM, C.-IN-C. MEDITERRANEAN FLEET.**

Admiral Sir Guy Grantham, C.-in-C., Mediterranean Fleet, flew to Cyprus from Malta to join General Sir Charles Keightley, who is the supreme commander of the Anglo-French operation in Egypt, it was reported on October 31. Admiral Grantham was Flag Officer (Submarines) in 1948-50, and after an important Mediterranean post, became Vice-Chief of Naval Staff from 1951 to 1954.



**DIRECTING R.A.F. OPERATIONS, EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN: AIR MARSHAL PATCH.**

R.A.F. operations in the Eastern Mediterranean are being directed by Air Marshal H. L. Patch, C.-in-C., Middle East Air Force, it was announced by the Air Ministry on November 1. Air Marshal Patch was educated at Stonyhurst and the R.A.F. College, Cranwell. He is fifty-one, and before his present appointment was Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief (Temp.), Fighter Command.



**DEPUTY C.-IN-C., ALLIED FORCES INTERVENING IN EGYPT: VICE-ADMIRAL P. BARJOT.** Vice-Admiral P. Barjot has been appointed Deputy to General Sir Charles Keightley, who is C.-in-C., English and French Forces intervening in Egypt, it was announced by the Ministry of Defence on October 31. Admiral Barjot is fifty-seven and is C.-in-C. of the French Mediterranean Fleet. He entered the navy in 1918 and in 1952 was commander in the Indian Ocean Strategic Zone.



**RESTORED TO OFFICE: CARDINAL WYSZYŃSKI.**

Following the recent disturbances in Poland, Cardinal Wyszyński was restored to office as Primate of Poland on October 28, after being a political prisoner of the Communists for four years, and appeared in public on October 29. On November 4 he preached to great crowds at a service at Holy Cross Church in Warsaw.



**DEFENDING BRITISH AND FRENCH POLICY: SIR PIERSON DIXON, BRITISH DELEGATE TO THE UNITED NATIONS.**

In the absence of Mr. Dulles, Mr. Herbert Hoover, Jr., took up an important rôle in American foreign policy at a time when there was discord between his country and France and Britain, over the Middle East crisis, when the Russians were crushing the "counter-revolution" in Hungary and when the Presidential elections were only a few days distant. Sir Pierson Dixon has had the unenviable task of having to veto a United States resolution on the Middle East problem in the Security Council, and has had to defend British policy when it was opposed by the majority at the United Nations.



**ACTING U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE DURING MR. DULLES'S ILLNESS AND AT A TIME OF GREAT CRISIS: MR. HERBERT HOOVER.**



**A GOVERNMENT RESIGNATION: MR. ANTHONY NUTTING.**

Mr. Anthony Nutting, Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, has resigned because of disagreement with the Government's policy for dealing with the Middle East crisis, it was announced from Number 10, Downing Street, on November 3. At the same time his letter of resignation, dated October 31, was made public.



**TO LEAD ROYAL SOCIETY ANTARCTIC PARTY: COLONEL ROBIN SMART, R.A.M.C.**

The War Office has agreed to the appointment of Colonel Robin Smart, R.A.M.C., as leader of the main party of the Royal Society International Geophysical Year Antarctic expedition, until January 1958, it was announced by the Society on October 14. The main party will leave London in the *Magga Dan* on November 15.



**TO BE GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BAHAMAS: MR. O. R. ARTHUR.**

Mr. O. R. Arthur, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Falkland Islands, is to be Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Bahamas in succession to the Earl of Ranfurly, who will soon be retiring from the appointment. The announcement that the appointment had been approved by the Queen was made by the Secretary of State for the Colonies on October 29.



**A FORMER PRIME MINISTER OF ITALY: THE LATE MARSHAL BADOGLIO.**

Marshal Pietro Badoglio, who was Prime Minister of Italy for nearly a year after the fall of Mussolini, died on October 31. He was eighty-five. Marshal Badoglio led the Italian forces who attacked Abyssinia, defying the League of Nations, in 1936. After Mussolini's downfall, Marshal Badoglio became Prime Minister but had to resign in 1944, shortly after the Allies entered Rome.



**NEW HEAD OF B.B.C. TELEVISION NEWS: MR. S. W. SMITHERS.**

Mr. S. W. Smithers, who has been for the past two years B.B.C. television news organiser, has been appointed head of B.B.C. television news, it was announced by the B.B.C. on October 29. He succeeds Mr. W. J. Breathing, who is shortly retiring. From 1950 to 1954 Mr. Smithers was Reporting Organiser in the Home News Department of the B.B.C.





**APPEALING FOR THEIR COUNTRY: HUNGARIANS IN LONDON MARCHING TO DOWNING STREET ON NOVEMBER 4 WITH A PETITION TO THE PRIME MINISTER.**  
Soon after the news of Russia's violent attack on Hungary a deputation of free Hungarians marched to Downing Street with a petition to the Prime Minister to intervene on their country's behalf. The procession had formed after a service at Brompton Oratory.

## LONDON AND NEW YORK: ASPECTS OF THE EGYPT AND HUNGARY CRISES.



**SPEAKING AT THE EMERGENCY MEETING OF THE U.N. GENERAL ASSEMBLY ON NOVEMBER 1: THE SOVIET DELEGATE, MR. SOBOLEV, WHO ATTACKED THE ANGLO-FRENCH ACTION IN EGYPT.**

Shortly before he himself was criticised in the Security Council for Russia's attack on Hungary, the Soviet delegate, Mr. Sobolev, supporting the United States resolution for a cease-fire spoke against the Anglo-French action in the Near East.



**A PROTEST RALLY IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE: THE CROWD OF SOME 10,000 WHO ATTENDED THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF LABOUR'S DEMONSTRATION ON NOVEMBER 4.**



**ADDRESSING THE VAST CROWD IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE: MR. ANEURIN BEVAN, WHO SPOKE IN FAVOUR OF THE "LAW, NOT WAR" CAMPAIGN.** "Law, not War" was the slogan of the national campaign against Government policy in Egypt launched on November 4 by the National Council of Labour's mass meeting in Trafalgar Square. During and after the meeting there were several clashes between demonstrators and police, and a number of arrests were made.



**IN GOOD MOOD AFTER LUNCHING AT NO. 10 ON NOVEMBER 2: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL SMILES AS HE LEAVES THE PRIME MINISTER.**  
Sir Winston Churchill lunched with Sir Anthony Eden at Downing Street on November 2. On the following day he expressed his approval of the Government's Egyptian policy in a letter addressed to the chairman of the Conservative party in his constituency at Woodford, Essex. He praised "the Government's resolute action," and urged support of it.



**MR. DULLES IN THOUGHTFUL MOOD: THE AMERICAN SECRETARY OF STATE AT THE U.N. GENERAL ASSEMBLY MEETING, SHORTLY BEFORE HIS ILLNESS.**  
Soon after the emergency meeting of the General Assembly Mr. John Foster Dulles was taken ill with suspected appendicitis. On November 3 an operation was performed on his large intestine and a cancerous growth was removed. After the operation Mr. Dulles was reported to be "resting comfortably." His duties have been taken over by Mr. Herbert Hoover, Jr.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

## A GIFT OF TEA FROM AMERICA.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

ALTHOUGH hundreds, or more probably thousands of gardeners in this country are growing tea in their

herbaceous borders, it is doubtful whether as many as one in a thousand is aware of the fragrant brand that he is cultivating. Let me explain, however, before going any further, that the subtitle of this article does not refer to the generous, and immensely welcome gifts of tea, India, China and Ceylon, which good American friends sent to us during the last war. No, the Gift of Tea that I have in mind came to this country from America in 1656, and it came, not as dried leaves in a packet to be infused in a teapot, but as seeds in a packet to be germinated in a flowerpot, or perhaps as living roots in a Wardian case. And although it may have come labelled "Oswego Tea," it almost certainly came as an ornamental garden flower rather than as a means to "a nice cuppa." The plant has other pleasant common-or-country vernacular names—Bee Balm, for instance, and Bergamot, whilst its official Latin botanical name is *Monarda didyma*, and it is as Bergamot and *Monarda* that it is best known in this country.

Bergamot or Oswego Tea is only one among many grand garden plants which have come to us from America—the phloxes, the pentstemons, most of the Michaelmas daisies, tobacco, maize, and sweet corn for corn-on-the-cob. Those are just a few which leap to mind from among hundreds of others. Wonderful gifts from Nature, in partnership with the generous American people. The other tea, India, China and Ceylon, which came to us during the last war, owed nothing, in its coming, to Nature, and all to American generosity. I do hope that the good senders realised, then, how heartening a good strong, hot cup of tea often was, especially when an air raid, near or distant, was in progress, with windows rattling in their frames, and those dreary, chilling sirens in full chorus, like Coleridge's "woman waiting for her demon lover."

*Monarda didyma* came to be called Oswego tea because the Indians used the leaves of the plant to make a sort of tea. I wonder if anyone has tried Oswego tea in recent times, and how nice—or nasty—it is. The leaves have a pleasant aromatic fragrance, reminiscent of eau-de-Cologne, so that they might be used to make an agreeable—or not too disagreeable—*tisane* rather than tea.

The R.H.S. Dictionary of Gardening tells that *Monarda* was named in honour of Nicholas Monardes, 1493-1571, physician and botanist of Seville, who wrote in 1571 a book on American products, afterwards translated into English as "Joyful News out of the New Found World." How *Monarda* came by its singularly engaging second Christian or specific name *didyma*, I have never discovered. It comes as a slight anticlimax after *Monarda*. There is something rather rich and sonorous about *Monarda*, after which *didyma* almost makes me want to laugh. I class it among treasured names with Beccabunga and Tschihatchewia. There are about a dozen different species of *Monarda*, all of them natives of North America. The R.H.S. Dictionary describes about half of them, so presumably they are, or have been, in cultivation in this country. But there is, I think, little doubt that the Oswego Tea, or Bergamot, *Monarda didyma*, is the best garden plant of them all. It is, in fact, a very fine plant indeed, a hardy herbaceous perennial of the greatest beauty and importance. It has given us a number of distinct colour varieties, white, pink, salmon, mauve, crimson and scarlet, and of these, the most widely grown and probably the best and most brilliant, is the one known as

"Cambridge Scarlet." Growing from 2 to 3 ft. high, *Monarda didyma* forms generous clumps in the border, and throws up a forest of erect stems, leafy below, and carrying clustered heads of brilliant scarlet blossom, usually with a whorl of flowers slightly below the uppermost terminal head. The flowering season is a long one—from June till September. Bergamot enjoys best a fairly rich moist loam in an open sunny position, and it strongly resents any suspicion of drought. I know few border plants which show resentment of thirst so quickly. The leaves droop and flag in a way which compels an instant dash for the watering-can or the hose, and then, after a good soaking, the plant responds

to liquid refreshment as quickly as it had put over its S.O.S. So beautiful is Bergamot, and yet so temperamental in this matter, that in light thirsty soils liable to drought it is worth while giving the clumps a good mulch of peat litter, leaf mould or compost to reduce evaporation.

Although not perhaps a true bog plant, *Monarda didyma* is a grand thing for planting in bold masses in reasonably moist ground near water—stream or pondside, or on the outskirts of the bog garden. One of the most effective plantings of Bergamot that I ever saw was on a nursery in Hampshire. A great bed had been planted with seedling plants, raised evidently from mixed seed from mixed varieties. There must have been several hundred good hearty plants, varying in colour from scarlet and crimson, through rose and salmon to mauves and lavender-purples. What the idea of this mixed bed was I do not know. I have never heard of Bergamot plants being offered in mixed colours. Perhaps they were a trial bed with the idea of picking out one or two individuals of special merit for eventual naming. Whatever the idea was, the effect was delightful, and I, at any rate, picked out and bought one particular specimen of an exceptionally pleasing and subtle tone of pink, which I grew for many years after. Bergamot is quite easy to raise from seed, and named varieties should be increased by simply lifting and breaking up the spreading clumps.

What the other species of *Monarda* are like I could not say. I have, I suppose, met them in botanic gardens from time to time, without finding them attractive or showy enough to memorise or make a note of their names and characteristics with a view to acquiring specimens to grow in my own garden. In the R.H.S. Dictionary I notice that Bergamot, *Monarda didyma* and its variety "Cambridge Scarlet," and *Monarda fistulosa*, Wild Bergamot, 2 to 5 ft., flowers purple, are the only three marked with a star to denote special beauty or virtue. But doubtless several of the *Monardas* are well worth garden room—in the right setting. Probably a half-wild setting; and I hope I have not maligned a company of worthy plants through my own ignorance. In the *New York Times* of September 30 of this year there was a most interesting article signed Martha Pratt Haislip, under the heading "One-Sided Pastime. Collection of *Monardas* Proves Worthwhile." The authoress has made a hobby of collecting and growing in her garden a great many of the wild, native *Monardas* of America, and she gives a valuable account of their merits, their habits, and the sorts of positions in the garden for which they are best suited. It seems probable that there are still a number of attractive *Monardas* which might well find a home in English gardens.

In mentioning those welcome gifts of tea—India, China and Ceylon—which came from America during the war, I was reminded of a story of a man staying in a Super Stately Home, obviously in pre-war days. On the first morning he was called at 7.30 by a liveried and highly efficient man, who pulled up the blinds, fussed for a few minutes with ties, socks, and so forth, and then enquired: "Will you take tea or coffee, sir?"—"Tea, please."—"India, China or Ceylon, sir?"—"China, please."—"Milk or cream, sir?"—"Oh, milk, please."—"Jersey or Guernsey, sir?"—"Sark, damn you." If ever those times and that way of life should return—most unlikely—and if ever I should be asked at 7.30 "India, China or Ceylon, sir?" I shall have the answer ready, "Oswego, damn you."



A GIFT FROM AMERICA IN 1656: OSWEGO TEA, OR BEE BALM, OR BERGAMOT; OR, MORE PRECISELY, *MONARDA DIDYMA*.

Reproduced from the "Botanical Magazine" of 1802.

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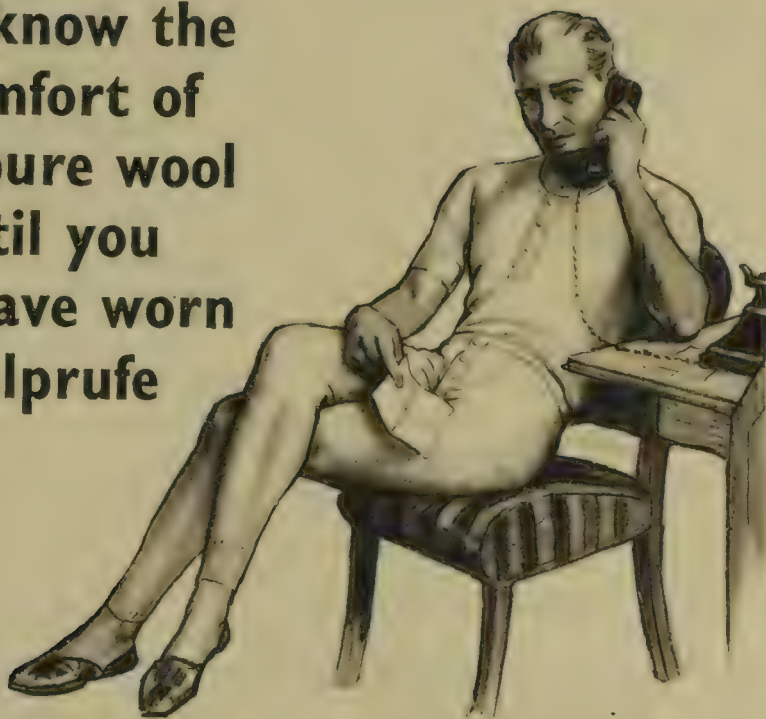
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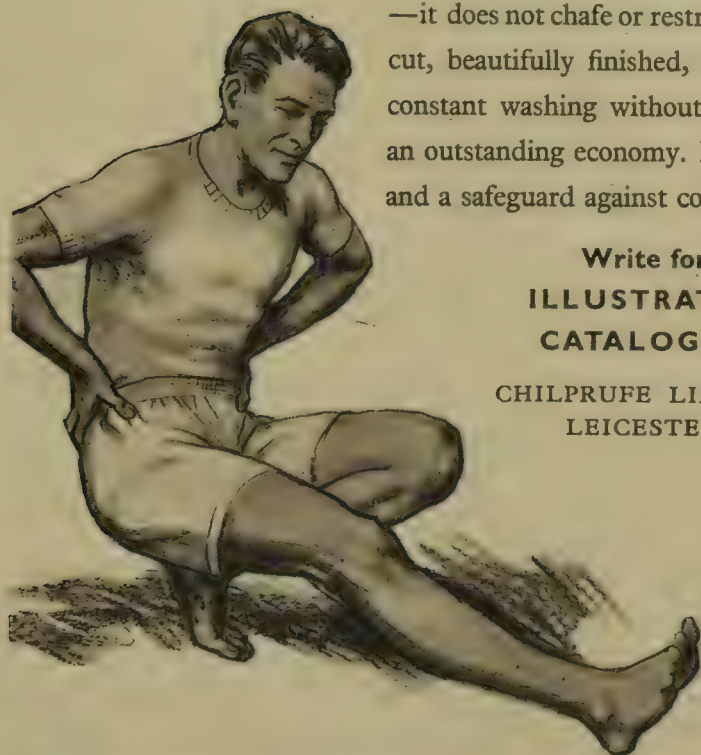


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NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THE most uncommon story this week is quite short, dense with external pressures, realism and poetry. Though for the seamy side of "The Path to the Nest of Spiders," by Italo Calvino (Collins; 12s. 6d.), realism is too milky a word. And externally, it has almost nothing but seamy side. The setting is an old Ligurian town, towards the end of the war. The hero, Pin, lives in its worst alley with his sister the prostitute—a slut he loathes, yet flourishes as a kind of social ace. For little Pin is the "friend of grown-ups." He has learnt to make the derelicts and petty crooks in the tavern shout with laughter—or sing songs for them, or goad them with obscene gibes till they start fighting each other. Pin knows all about men and women in bed, and men being murdered or put in gaol; that is his whole conversation. And it is all Greek—as meaningless as the wine and cigarette-smoke that hurt his throat, yet "have to be gulped down, who knows why." The grown-ups don't really accept him; other boys won't play with him. He has a great secret—the place where spiders build nests, with little doors that open and shut—and dreams of the Great Friend who will be worthy of it. Meanwhile he impales the spiders. To Pin, these are as mysterious and horrible as grown-ups.

Then one day he is lured into stealing a revolver from his sister's German, hides it in the spiders' nest, and fetches up in the hills with a group of partisans. As it happens, the riff-raff of the battalion. This is an enthralling world. The hills are wonderful to explore; as for the grown-ups, they are the spit of his old tavern chums, only they have enemies. They can't sleep for longing to meet the enemy. Tatata, you're all dead! . . . Pin admires that; he can imagine doing it. Or it might be even more glorious with the Black Brigade, who sing obscene songs and wear a death's-head. For of course he has no notion of Causes. Neither have the partisans. They fight from rage: from an "anonymous, aimless, dumb hatred," built up—says the commissar in a focal, almost lyrical moment—on "the squalor of their lives, the filth of their homes, the strain of having to be bad. . . ." And they would change sides at the drop of a hat.

Yet, says the commissar, they are on the right side. This is not a defeatist story. It is not squalid, but full of childish naïveté, romance and magic. And it has a happy ending—why not? Why should it be too late for the lost child to meet a Great Friend?

OTHER FICTION.

"A Haunted Land," by Randolph Stow (Macdonald; 13s. 6d.), is almost void of external pressures—and in a sense, of reality. It is a notable and accomplished piece of work, by an extremely young man; but it might be classed as a nonsense-novel. Even premising that in the Western Australia of fifty years ago, social compulsion was at a minimum and personality apt to run riot, the Maguires of Malin are a bit thick. Andrew Maguire is a kind of Heathcliff-widower with five children. Unlike Heathcliff, he had a humane and shrinking character to start off with. Then his frantically-adored wife braced him up; and while she lived, there was apparently no harm done. Even ten years later, when the three youngest Maguires return from school, there has been no sensational harm done. Andrew has only insulted everyone within range, reduced Martin to a zombie, forbidden Nicholas a profession, started them both drinking, and turned the cook's son from a good-tempered idiot into a caged beast. However, on the reappearance of Addie, Patrick and Anne, havoc is piled on havoc, and not a single Maguire saved from the wreck. What one can't see is why they go on adoring him. But this is a poet's work—very well written, beautifully evocative and firm in detail, though not life-inspired.

"Some Darling Folly," by Monica Stirling (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), has the grace, wit, sensibility and culture you would expect. The scene is Paris; and Sophie is the fond, rather ingenuous young wife of a middle-aged lawyer, who has been bamboozled into treating her as a sexual invalid. Otherwise Remy Malet the actor would have lost his pains. Now she gives way—and after a wrong but delicious interlude, gives him the shocking experience of being thrown over for the "nice old husband." The charmer Remy is well-served. The touch is desparably charming; but a couple of half-digested *révélés* spoil the sum effect.

"Framed for Hanging," by Guy Cullingford (Hammond; 10s. 6d.), features a cathedral city in vague yet marked Edwardian times, with three elderly maiden ladies, daughters of the late Canon, welcoming the return of their orphan nephew from two years on the Amazon with a couple of Jonathans. Richard went exploring to forget Hester Ferrars, since married to Dr. Morby. She sends for Richard (now fancy-free) and works on his chivalry to beard the doctor with atrocity-charges. Morby then dies of rum-and-prussic-acid—and Richard finds himself in the dock, with Hester pathetic as chief witness. The aunts and Jonathans rally to his defence. This is not a chromium and stream-lining job, nor yet serious pastiche; it has a carefree, leisured idiosyncrasy which I found more attractive. And the solution is a dead hit.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

RELIGION AND HISTORY; AND THE WORLD'S FLAGS.

READERS of *The Illustrated London News* will already be familiar with the remarkable finds known as the Dead Sea Scrolls. These precious documents were discovered by Bedouin herdsmen in a cave at Qumran, where they had lain for the best part of nineteen centuries. Professor Millar Burrows, in "The Dead Sea Scrolls" (Secker and Warburg; 30s.), tells the story of their discovery, their identification and the internal and other evidence by which they have been dated. Naturally, a find so important has given rise to plenty of those scholarly controversies whose peculiar ferocity is a delight to the outside observer. Horatian commentators, even the great and mild Dr. T. E. Page, are only outdone in scholarly pugnacity by the anthropologists and archæologists. Nevertheless, Dr. Burrows proves, to his readers' satisfaction, the main facts about the Dead Sea Scrolls. These documents evidently were the property of the strange, austere Jewish sect known as the Essenes. Although the Essenes would have described themselves as the purest of pure in their Judaism, nevertheless the similarity of their doctrines and discipline to that of the early Christian Church is most striking. One of the most important of the scrolls is their "Manual of Discipline," one of the most interesting for the lay reader "The War of the Sons of Light with the Sons of Darkness." For those who like historical detective work, carried out with all the patience which so distinguishes the foremost modern American scholars, Professor Burrows has provided a rare feast.

When in 1130 the new choir of Canterbury was dedicated, the assembly, headed by King Henry I, chanted the liturgical "Awesome is this place. Truly, this is the house of God and the gate of Heaven, and it will be called the court of the Lord." On hearing this, Henry I "swore with his royal oath" by the death of God "that truly (the sanctuary) was awesome." Mr. Otto von Simson quotes this incident in his fine book "The Gothic Cathedral" (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 42s.) to underline his main thesis; that for the mediæval builder as well as for the mediæval man or woman, the cathedral had an entirely different significance from what it has to-day. Gothic architecture, as he writes, was "an image, more precisely, as the representation of supernatural reality." To those who designed the cathedrals, as to their contemporaries who worshipped in them, this symbolic aspect or function of sacred architecture overshadowed all others. To us, it has become the least comprehensible. He traces, with a wealth of scholarship, this intimate connection between the supernatural and the work of man's hands, which pervaded the mediæval mind. For the mediæval man, the cathedral was in very fact the House of God, and the sanctuary the antechamber of Heaven itself. Where to-day we admire the æsthetic perfections of the Gothic cathedral, the craftsman, in his view, saw merely his success or failure in erecting a building to the greater glory of God. Naturally, in examining the great cathedrals in mediæval Europe, he devotes much space to Chartres—for surely Chartres is the greatest of them all. This fine and scholarly book has rightly caused M. Jacques Maritain to describe it as "a work of brilliant scholarship and a remarkable contribution to our knowledge of mediæval art." Indeed, it is more. For Mr. von Simson, in his study of the Gothic cathedral, has thrown an unusually clear and illuminating light on the mind of mediæval man himself. In only one respect have I any criticism to make. The illustrations are, to my mind, inadequate in quantity (having regard to the frequent references Mr. von Simson makes to individual features of individual cathedrals) and their reproduction falls short of the quality which one would expect from so distinguished a book.

There is plenty of the Middle Ages, though in a lighter and less scholarly vein, in "Tell the Towers Thereof—the Ancient Border Story," by Madge Elder (Hale; 18s.). This is the story of "the Borders," those lovely but much-fought-over counties of Berwick, Roxburgh, Selkirk and Peebles. Miss Elder was born in Berwickshire, and her descriptions of the Border country are filled with the affection of the patriot. Naturally, in the description of a part of the world which he made forever famous and which is forever linked with his name, Sir Walter Scott bulks large. But the other

sturdy heroes of a country noted for its solid qualities, are not overlooked. Miss Elder, as I say, has a light touch and wraps up the pill of her considerable historical knowledge in a most agreeable coating. The drawings which illustrate it are equally pleasant. Non-Borderers may perhaps be a little baffled by her quotations in the Border dialect. To this one, at any rate, they might often have been made in demotic Patagonian, and Celts will be astounded at her claim that King Arthur and his knights lie sleeping under the Eildons.

"Flags of the World," edited by H. Gresham Carr (Warne; with 300 flags in colour and numerous text drawings, 45s.), marks the welcome reappearance of an old favourite. This authoritative and standard work has been entirely brought up to date, and is a "must," I should imagine, for reference libraries and other bodies of that sort.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

E. J. DIEMER, whom we have mentioned several times in these notes, continues to enliven Central European chess with games of extraordinary vitality. Here are three of his brilliant brevities which any player would be proud to produce in a lifetime—not, as was Diemer's accomplishment here, in one week in Switzerland:

BENONI COUNTER GAMBIT.

DIEMER White	SCHAEPP Black	DIEMER White	SCHAEPP Black
1. P-Q4	Kt-KB3	5. P-K4	P×BP
2. P-KB3	P-B4	6. Kt-B3	P×P
3. P-Q5	P-K3	7. P-K5	P-Q5
4. P-QB4	P-QKt4?	8. P×Kt	Resigns!

. . . and justifiably, for 8. . . P×Kt; 9. Q-K2 ch or 8. . . Q-R4; 9. B-Q2, P×Kt; 10. B(Q2)×P followed by P×P would equally cost Black a piece.

KING'S FIANCHETTO DEFENCE.

DIEMER White	DESTRAY Black	DIEMER White	DESTRAY Black
1. P-Q4	P-KKt3	3. P-QB4	P-Q3
2. P-K4	B-Kt2	4. P-KR4	P-K4

Omitting the customary . . . Kt-KB3 makes this a poor defence.

5. P-R5	P-KKt4	7. P×P	Q-K2
6. P-R6!	B×P		

7. . . P×P; 8. Q×Qch, K×Q would lose through 9. R×B, Kt×R; 10. B×Pch and 11. B×Kt.

8. Kt-KB3	B-Kt5	10. R×B!	B×Kt
9. Q-Kt3	P-QB3		

Because, if 10. . . Kt×R, then 11. B×P, Q-B1 (to protect the knight); 12. Q×P, etc.

11. P×B	Resigns
---------	---------

For if 11. . . Kt×R; 12. P×P, Q-Q2; 13. B×P, Kt-Kt1; 14. B-R3, Q×B; 15. Q×P wins easily for White.

DIEMER'S BLACKMAR GAMBIT.

DIEMER White	N.N. Black	DIEMER White	N.N. Black
1. P-Q4	P-Q4	6. Kt×P	B-QKt5ch
2. P-K4	P×P	7. P-B3	P×P
3. Kt-QB3	P-K4	8. B×Pch	K×B
4. B-QKt5ch	P-QB3	9. Q×Q	P×Pdis ch
5. B-QB4	P×P	10. K-Q1	Kt-K2

10. . . P×R(Q) at once would allow a forced mate by 11. Kt-Kt5ch, K-Kt3; 12. Q-K8ch, K-R3; 13. Kt-B7ch, K-R4; 14. Kt-R6dis ch! P-KKt3; 15. Q-K2ch, K-R5; 16. P-KKt3 mate.

10. . . B-Kt5ch likewise achieves nothing useful.

11. Q×R	P×R(Q)	14. Q-B7ch	K-R3
12. Kt-Kt5ch	K-B3	15. Kt-B3dis ch	B-Q7
13. Q-B8ch	K-Kt3	16. Kt×B	Resigns.

To prevent a discovered check, Black must play 16. . . Q-Q5 which, after 17. Q×Kt, leaves him a piece down.



# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

## CHRISTMAS NUMBER

### 1956

SO MUCH MORE WELCOME than a CHRISTMAS CARD or CALENDAR

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#### CONTENTS.

##### Gravure Section.

"The Doos' Nest," by  
Marie Muir. *Illustrated by*  
*Victor Bertoglio.*

"The Crystal Star," by  
Dorothy Macardle. *Illustrated by*  
*Jack Matthew.*

"Told by a Ghost," by  
Marion Bucke. *Illustrated*  
*by Gordon Nicoll, R.I.*

"How Christmas Customs  
Came About," by John  
Pudney. *Illustrated by* E. H.  
*Shepard.*

And

Three pages of Portraits of  
Personalities of the Stage in  
the golden era of fifty years  
ago.

##### Colour Section.

"Prima Ballerina Assoluta  
—Dame Margot Fonteyn,  
D.B.E.," by Pietro Annigoni.  
Exhibited in the Royal  
Academy this year.

Also

"The Four Seasons," by  
Alan Reynolds.

Immortal Nursery Rhymes:  
Illustrated by Kate Green-  
away.

"The Holy Mother and  
Child with St. Jerome," by  
Correggio.

"The Miracle of the First  
Christmas": "Il Presepio,"  
by G. B. Pittoni.



THE MIRACLE OF THE FIRST CHRISTMAS: "IL PRESEPIO," BY G. B. PITTONI.  
The miracle of the first Christmas when the "Word was made flesh" in the stable in Bethlehem has  
been movingly interpreted in this lovely painting of "The Manger," by Giovanni Battista Pittoni, who was  
born in Vicenza in 1690 and died in Venice in 1767. It is in the Accademia dei Concordi, in Rovigo.  
*Photograph, H. M. S.*

REPRODUCED IN COLOUR AS A FULL-PAGE IN OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER: "IL PRESEPIO,"  
BY G. B. PITTONI (1690-1767).

##### Colour Section—continued.

"Winter Scene," by Bona-  
ventura Peeters the Elder.

"Golf on the Ice," by  
Hendrik Avercamp.

"Social Occasions of Eighty  
Years Ago," by James  
Tissot.

"Life in England 100 Years  
Ago," by various Victorian  
artists.

"The Home of English  
Pantomime": Drury Lane  
Theatre in a striking water-  
colour of 1795.

Portraits of Clowns painted  
by an Expert on Clowns'  
Make-up.

"Forerunners of Panto-  
mime: A famous series of  
Nymphenberg Figures."

"A Page of Pageantry: The  
Splendour of Mediæval  
Heraldry in the Banners of  
the opposing nobles who  
fought at Crecy," by Dan  
Escott.

"The Macaw as the Chief  
Ornament in Still-Life Paint-  
ings by seventeenth-century  
Dutch and Italian Artists."

"Fruit and Flowers"—a  
magnificent Dutch still-life  
by Jan van Os.

"The Twelve Little  
Months," by Eliot Hodgkin.

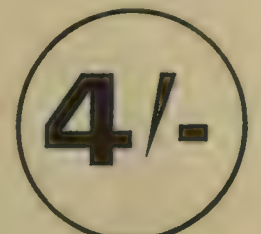
"A Christmas Card," by  
Daphne Allen.

"The Artist's Three Sons  
Playing at Soldiers," by  
Louis-Leopold Boilly.

"A Garland for the Virgin,"  
by Daniel Seghers.

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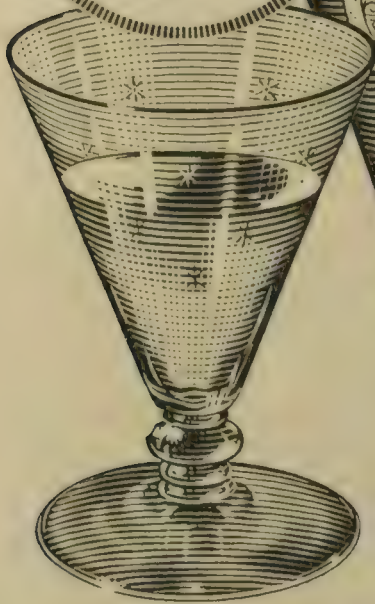
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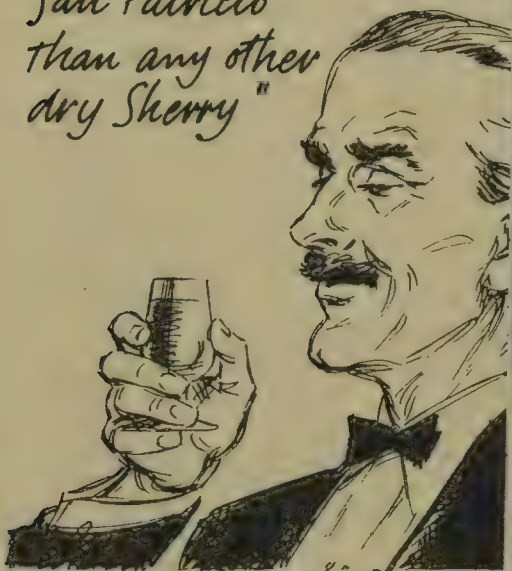
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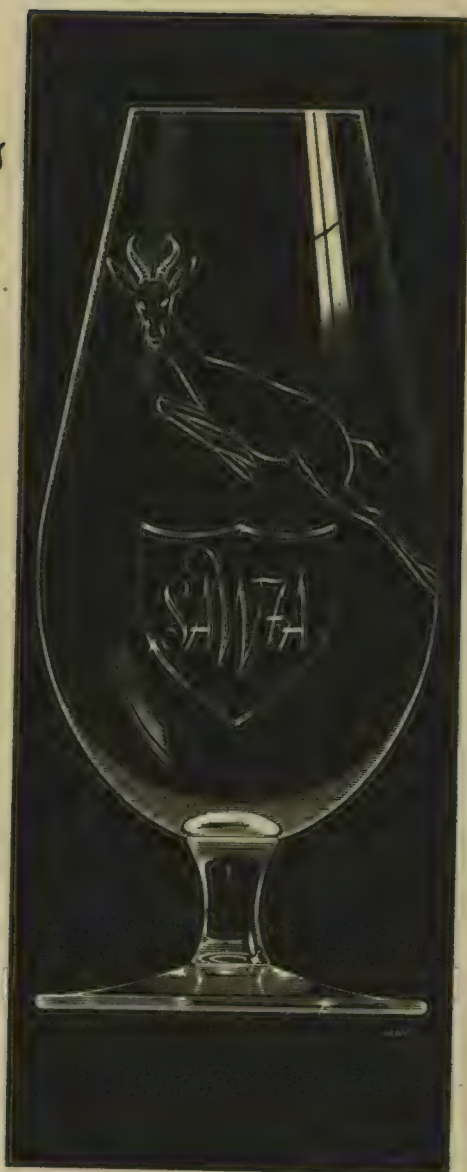




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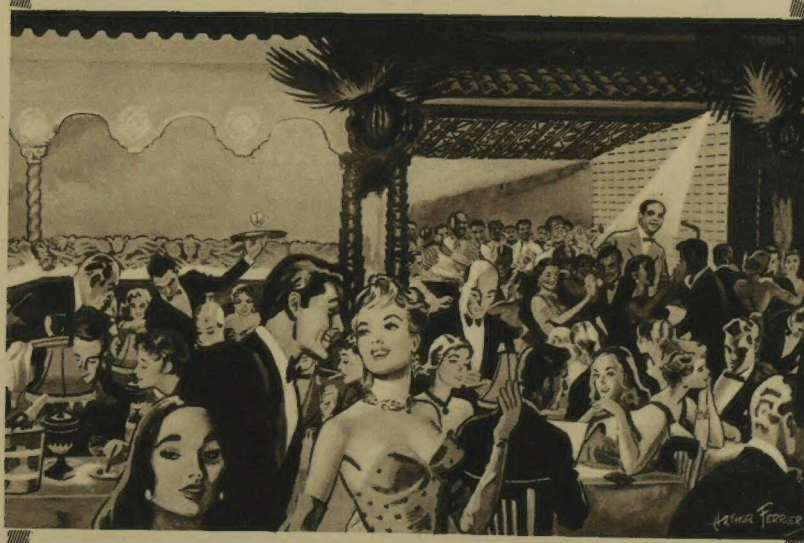
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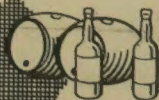
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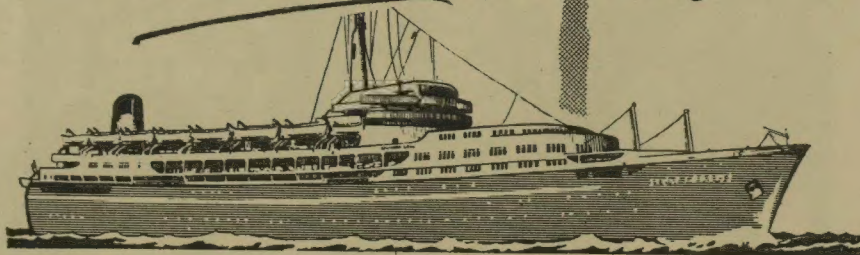
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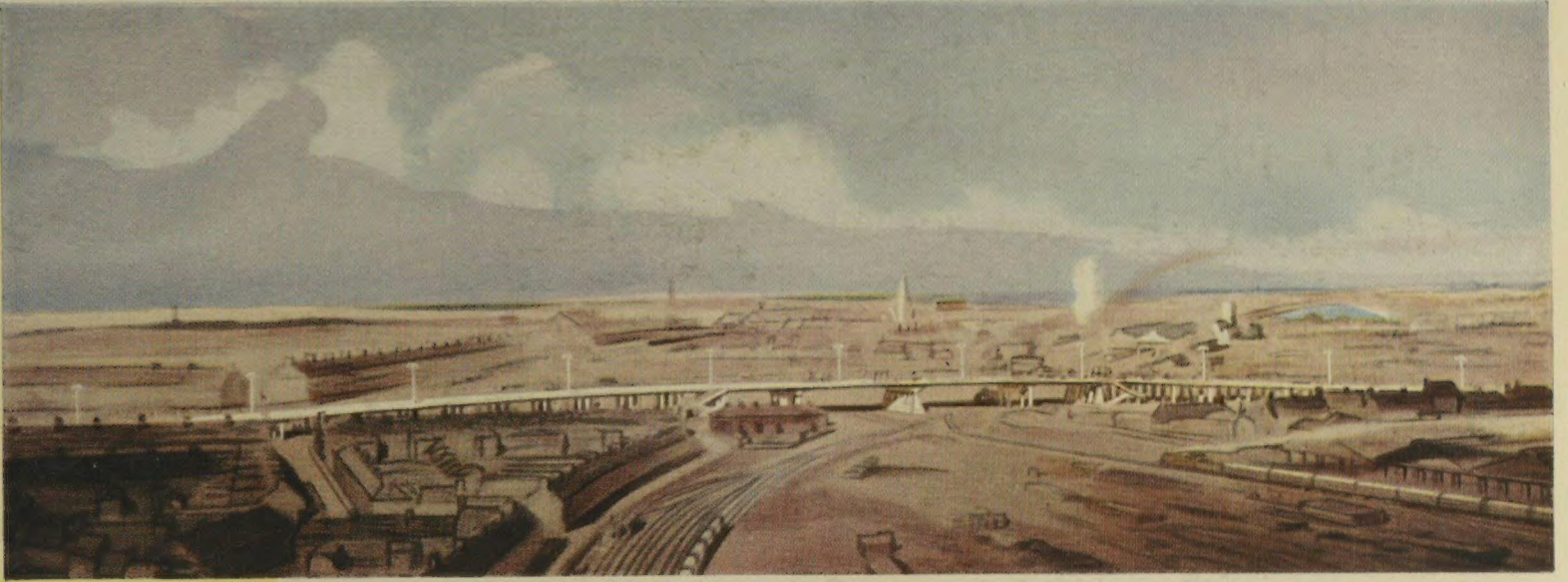
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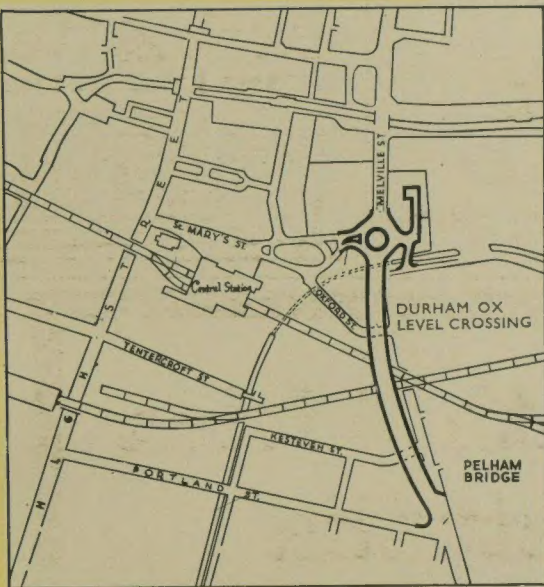
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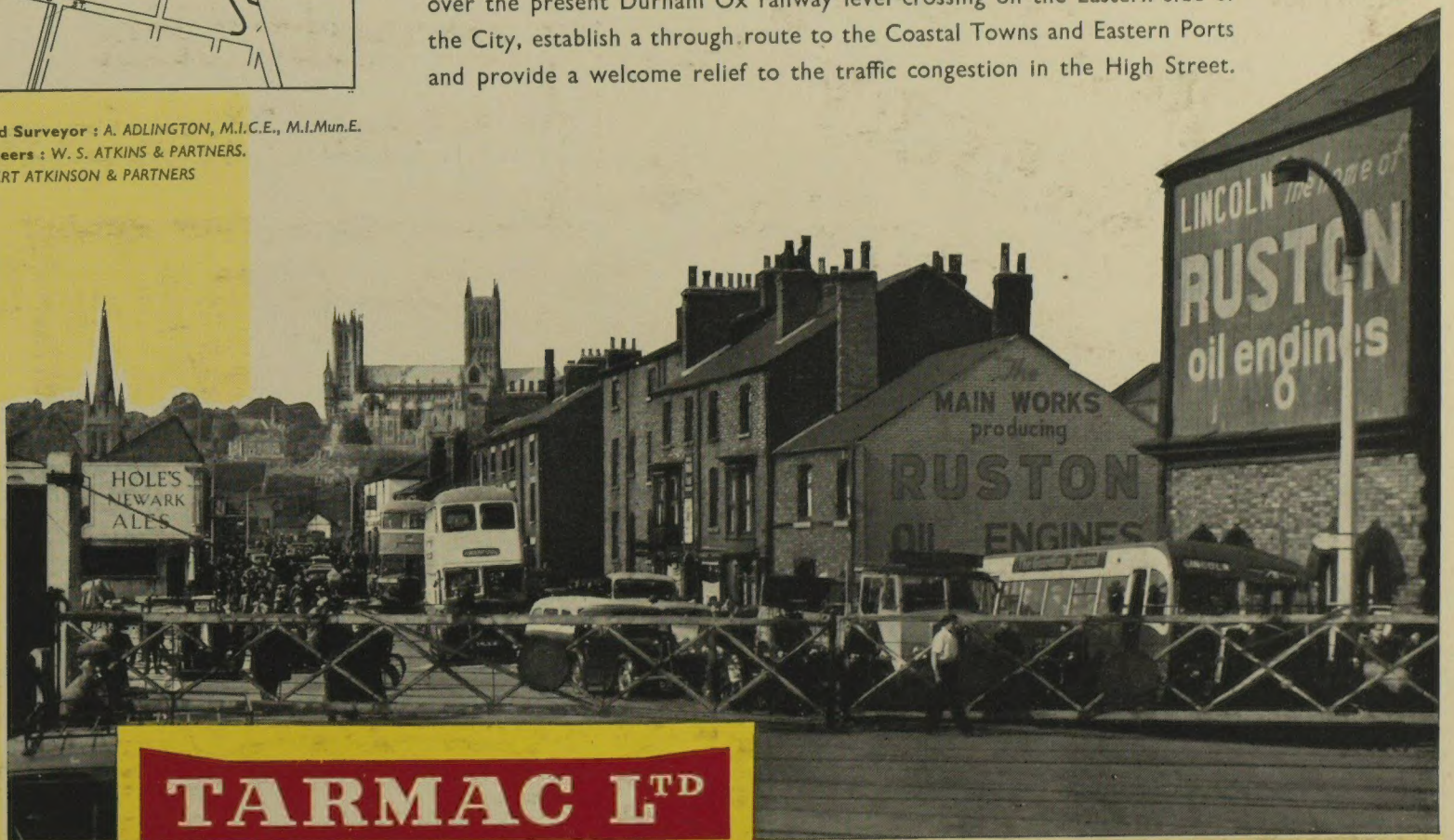
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